VOL. CCXVI, No. 2814

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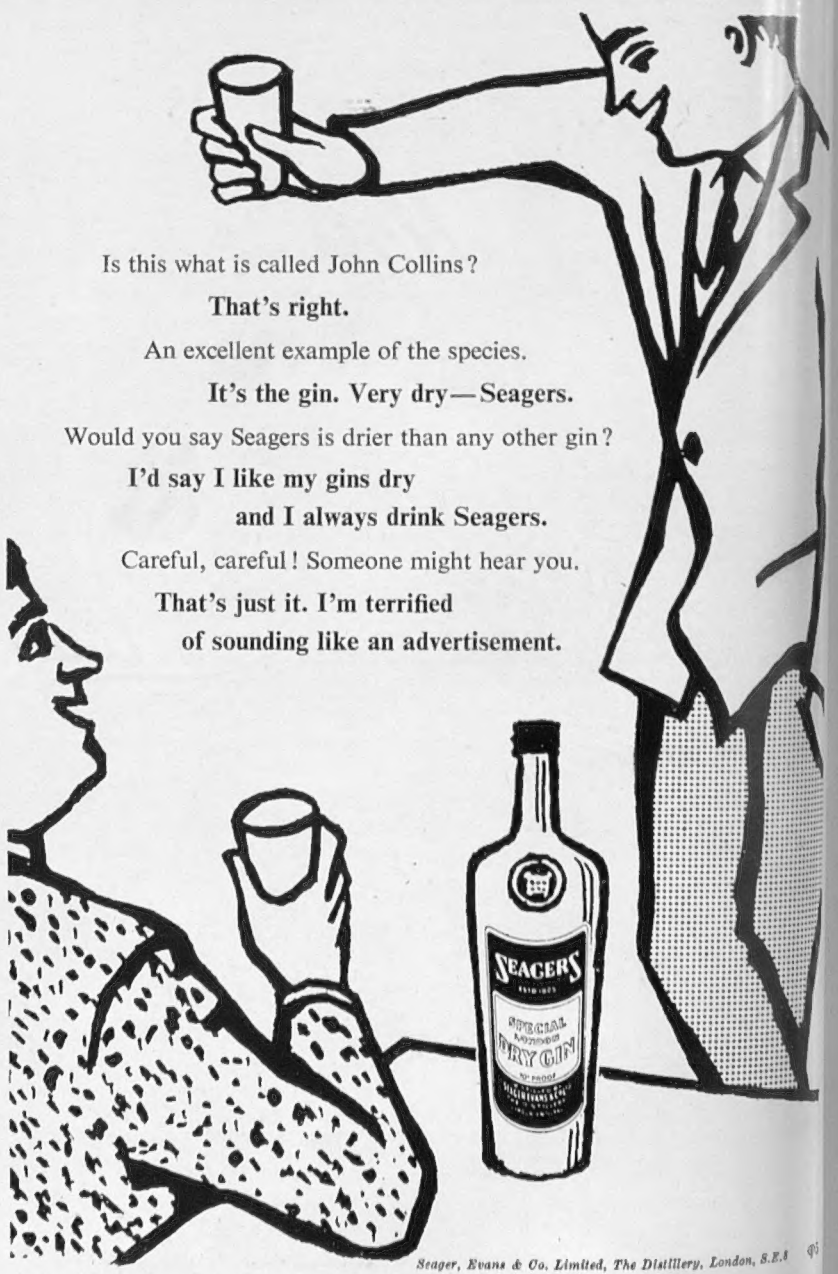

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Volume CCXVI No. 2814 The SPHERE, London, January 16, 1954

The SPHERE

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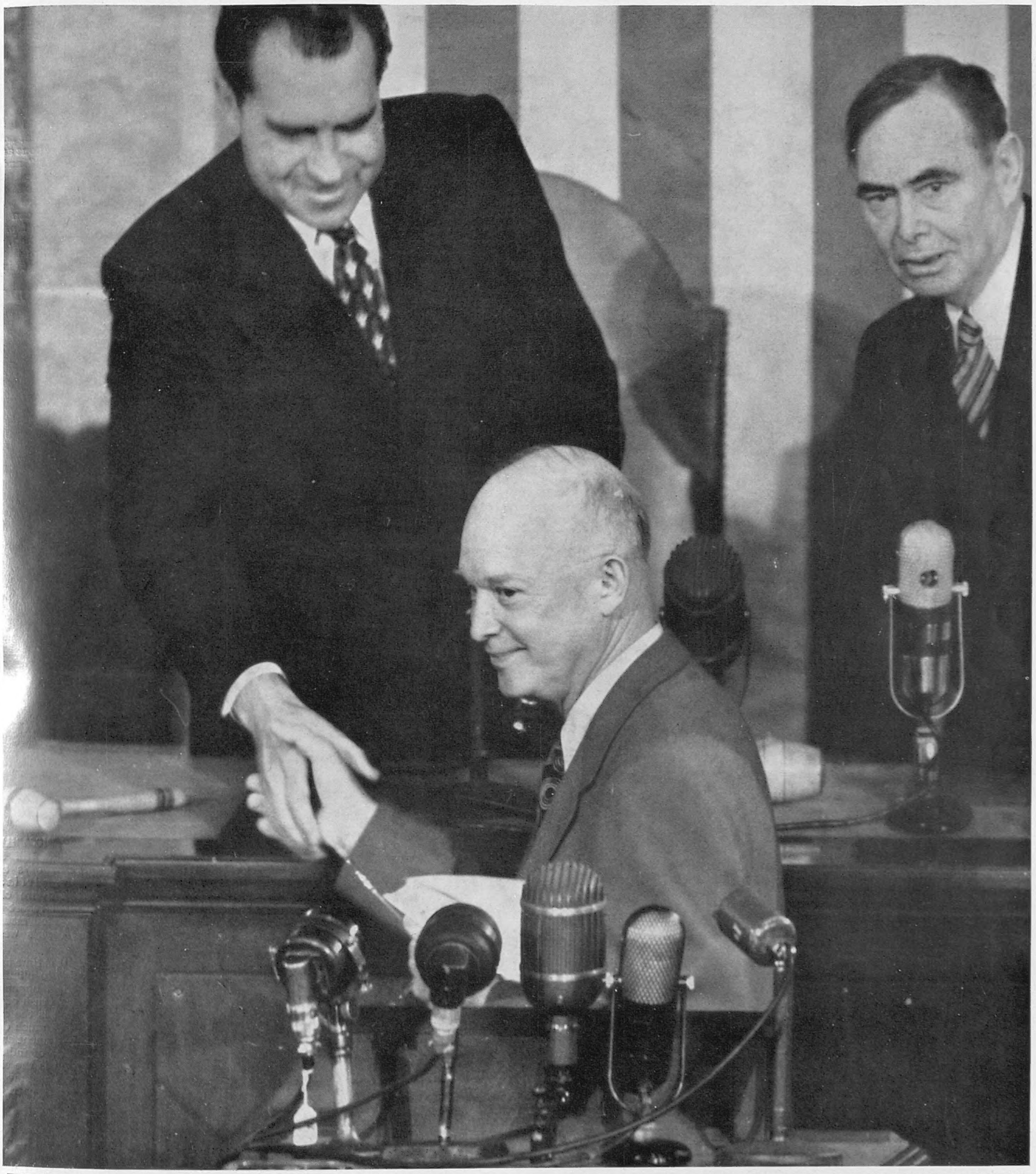

THE PRESIDENT REPORTS ON THE STATE OF THE UNION—MR. EISENHOWER IS CONGRATULATED BY VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON AT THE END OF HIS MESSAGE TO CONGRESS: Smiling and looking fresh after an hour's speech to a Joint Session of Congress, President Eisenhower is congratulated by his Vice-President, Richard Nixon, while Mr. Joseph W. Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives, looks on. The President had just delivered his traditional State of the Union Message in Washington. The speech, which was warmly received, surveyed the programme of President Eisenhower's administration, both in matters of foreign policy and on domestic issues.

The traditional Message on the State of the Union gives the President of the United States an annual opportunity of placing his legislative policy before the nation. This year President Eisenhower gave his address after his Government had been in office for nearly twelve months. There were only two surprises when he made his speech to a Joint Session of Congress in Washington. One was the decision to press for a constitutional amendment that would permit eighteen-year-olds to vote. The President had argued, in effect, that if young men of eighteen were old enough to fight, they were also old enough to elect their Government. The other surprise was the President's appeal for a law which would deprive convicted Communists of their American citizenship. Although this point in the Legislative programme was loudly cheered by Congress, doubts have since been cast on the desirability of creating within the United States a whole class of stateless citizens.

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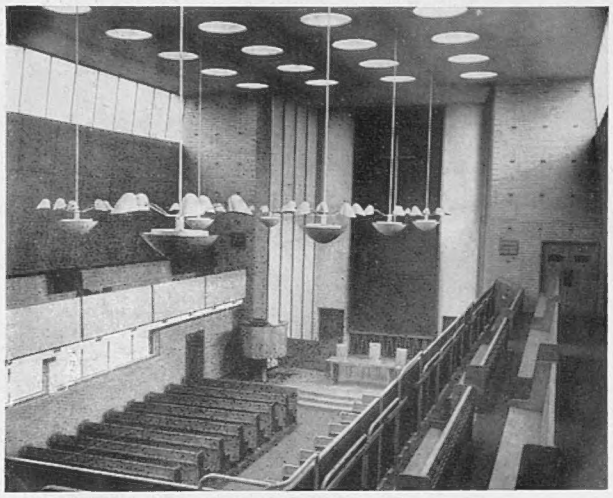
AMERICAN PRAISE FOR A CHURCH

TRINITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ON THE LANSBURY ESTATE, POPLAR, LONDON, WHICH HAS RECEIVED COMPLIMENTARY COMMENTS IN THE AMERICAN PRESS: The building has been described by the leading American architectural magazine as one of the six most outstanding churches built in Europe since the end of the war. The six churches are described as "A Revolution in European Church Design." Of the Trinity Congregational Church at Lansbury it is said: "The design is based on a concrete frame—a kind of twentieth-century flying buttress from which the roof is suspended. Business-like dignity rather than inspiration is the keynote." The church, which forms part of the new East End residential neighbourhood, a section of the L.C.C.'s rebuilding programme, has been built to the design of Cecil Handisyde and D. Rogers Stark.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW CHURCH: *Above*—A general view showing the galleries and lighting arrangements. *Below*—This view gives some impression of the height of the building and the modern construction. The pulpit is of particular interest, standing as it does on one post.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

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A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Tasks Ahead.—I suppose it may be said with as much truth as simplification of an intricate problem can ever produce that the future of our Commonwealth for good or ill depends on a change of heart at home and abroad. It depends on the reduction of the Cold War tension abroad and on a mighty increase in home production which alone can supply the resources which can justify any further improvement in our standards of living. While we spend so vast a proportion of our available revenue on defence, while production still lags behind what is essential, and while the demands of the workers make the price of our exports unattractive in diminishing overseas markets, stability, let alone prosperity, trembles in the balance. The change of heart demanded in 1954 is world-wide and widespread. In the Kremlin, and a score of other centres of political influence, not excluding the West. And at home in our Cabinet, in the T.U.C., among employers and workers. If we are ever to restore order and discipline in industry, the nettle must be grasped in 1954. The unofficial strike is a hideous modern feature which must be masked or amputated if trade unionism is to regain its finest shape and usefulness. In so far as this form of sabotage is Communist-inspired, our Government must surely have confidence that in fighting it, it will have 90 per cent. of the nation behind it, not excluding a majority of the great Union executives, for these strikes are the common enemy of both Government and T.U.C., which cannot retain the authority or the confidence of the country necessary to their survival under present conditions of indiscipline and disorder.

Safety Last.—We look back on a year not lacking in achievement and in progress, but in industry we cannot expect better conditions in the world's markets. Competition is growing, demand in some fields shrinking, notably in the Middle East. There is a note of warning from America, a growing competition from Germany and Japan. Here at home the workers in many fields are still obsessed with their own security, still vividly remember the bad old days of mass unemployment. Their loyalty to their own fellows and group is admirable in its way, but it is not for these days a broad enough or noble enough loyalty. It is a backyard loyalty, which takes too little note of the wider loyalty to Queen and country and Commonwealth, all of which on their post-war records deserve the highest tribute and service to that loyalty. It reverses to a dangerous extreme the theory of Adam Smith which held ground in England too long. Trite as it is to quote "Who lives if England die?", it is for once a perfectly just simplification. It is not much use to stock your own larder, which is limited in capacity, if the fields go untilled. It is a short-term view to secure for yourself provisions for a few weeks—rather like wartime hoarding. The solution of the problem of personal security lies not in your own cabbage patch, but in the millions of acres of producing fields, and the worker who withdraws his labour or stints it, who demands for his work more than his industry can afford to pay him, is merely ensuring a shorter future for his present stocks. "Safety—personal security—first" is a damnable uneconomic, ostrich-like slogan to-day. For it is indeed a time for greatness, as much as it was in 1940, and the glories of 1940-45 should surely have dimmed the bitter memories of the 1920-30's and given us all a broader hope and a nobler pride in the country and Commonwealth from which we draw our livelihood and derive our security and reputation.

Freedom from Fear.—Pundits young and old open the New Year with nostrums for our welfare, and good ideas or resolutions for making human life in every field less dangerous, dull and difficult. My own contribution shall be to suggest that in 1954, with its many important conferences to come, we should all the world over recognise what I believe to be true, that the cold war in international affairs, no less than the disorder in our own industries, is due not to wicked designs so much as to fear, sheer dread of being attacked, sheer dread of losing the means of self-support. Physical courage is not yet a virtue which humanity has lost. All the latest and most dangerous devices and inventions of science require enormous physical courage to test them out and never fail for volunteers. Physically, the human race is fitter than ever to live dangerously, and does so. It did not strike me as a proof of our own decadence that in the course of a terrible war in Korea some twenty young men were accused of near-cowardice in the face of the enemy. If the figure had been 2,000 it need not prove such decadence. But fear of a remoter sort is widespread in humanity from top to bottom, and mostly and most dangerously at the top, among the leaders who guide our destinies and shape our policies. And there lies the mortal danger to civilisation; there the mental cowardice must be attacked and eradicated. I have never understood the Western Powers in their relations with the Communists have given so little thought to the fears of the Kremlin, or why the Kremlin has not recognised that half the military strength of America is a direct result of sheer panic lest she should be looted of the treasure-house she has built up.

The Sickening Technique.—The Americans, and the British also, are quite familiar with the technique of prize-fighters who before the big fight seek to soften the morale of their opponents with boasts of their own punches and straight lefts. It is part of the game, the first and very important part in the fight. But we know very well that if the boasts disturb the rival, they do not remove any part of the boaster's nervousness and diffidence. For my part I firmly believe that if in 1954 the world leaders could come to the conference table after a brief holiday from jeers and insults, boasts of terror weapons and military strength, levelled at the "other side," and recognised the undoubted fact that sheer fear and not wicked designs of aggression is the prime cause of the cold war, the chances of a solution of our miseries would be much brighter. I do not think any one can doubt the influence which the threats, whether of prize-fighters or blackmailers or frightened statesmen, inevitably have on the anxious, muddled minds of their opponents or numbers. Fear breeds boasts and threats in the urchin and the world statesman. It is time to eliminate fear by ceasing to be "frightful," to eliminate it by recognising it in oneself and one's opponent; it is time to grasp the nettle of fear and crush out its cause. And it is the same weakness which is the clue to our own domestic disorders; it is not so much Communist aggression as sheer terror of unemployment or a reduced standard of living that is the cause of indiscipline in the Unions, and the right approach is the elimination of those fears, which are as remote as they ever have been, rather than by appeals to "patriotism," to the moral saws concerning obedience to authority. It is fear which listens to every rumour of betrayal and every urge to run away. If in 1954 we could only recognise how widespread is fear and how great a share in the evils which beset us, and recognising it, how boasts and threats are an accepted technique for bolstering our own and softening our opponent's guts, we should come to the conference tables in a friendlier spirit and with more hope of success.

Overloaded Programme.—I was not surprised to read, early as it is in the Royal tour, that certain newspapers "down-under" have already commented on the strain of the tour and on its effect on the Queen. Sincerity or stunt, it was an obvious subject for a "leader." In recent years much has been done by experience and by a sense of proportion in Britain to lighten the load of the Sovereign's function

THE FUTURE OF THE "ACTORS' CHURCH"

ST. PETER'S, IN GREAT WINDMILL STREET, OFF PICCADILLY, WHICH IS DESTINED TO BE CLOSED UNDER THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S REORGANISATION SCHEME: A few days ago it was announced that the church site would be disposed of in accordance with the Diocesan arrangements for the future of London churches. This statement was made when a report was circulated that the Bishop had been offered an anonymous donation of £150,000 for his building fund if St. Peter's were sp

which (chiefly in ceremonial) began only in 1914 to become a danger to health. The post-war advance of democracy no doubt inevitably enlarged the field of ceremonial duty, the curtain of mystery which surrounded Victoria and even Edward VII was gradually drawn up, and the Sovereign became "everybody's Sovereign," so much so that no one but the Sovereign would do. "We want the King or the Queen" became the slogan, and the good will has been there ever since 1914 to answer the call. (Victoria and Edward VII were able to lead the lives they preferred.) Democracy was the cause of it, but the whole basis of democracy is *representation* and that should be recognised. A cat may look at a queen, but every cat cannot expect to exercise its privilege. I should hesitate to call the danger "bumbledom," as some have done, but there is a limit to what can be demanded of the most healthy, willing, young and interested Queen on a Commonwealth progress; and small-town receptions on the Royal route have perhaps, through civic pride, secured more of the Royal time than is justified. The children's recitations and dancing and parades, the loyal address, the local industries and peep-shows, must be staged in token or representatively, for, indeed, they are much the same all the world over, save for their physical features in landscape or geology. The weather is another imponderable which cannot be, and yet must be, taken into account. I have always felt that a minute-by-minute programme for a Royal progress is ill-judged. With the known good will and real interest and sympathy which the Queen possesses, a much greater proportion of the unforgiving minutes of her days should be left to her for disposal. She could be trusted to make the best use of those minutes, and her impromptus would usually be more welcome than the set pieces. There is still time for an editing.

"Jupiter Tonans."—I was puzzled by a *Times* leader on the day on which the New Year Honours were announced. Jupiter, or the Thunderer of Printing House Square, is a noble organ of enormous influence and probity. But sometimes I wish its pronouncements were less Delphic and that it called its declaration of spades . . . *spades*. Clearly it did not like the New Year's Honours; it perhaps does not like Sir Winston's submissions as much as Mr. Attlee's. Perhaps, like me, it dislikes baronet-making. It seemed to have in mind that some "obvious" merit for a reward had been passed over. No doubt it was. It always is. I believe Premiers loathe this biennial duty more than any other of their office. But this latest half-yearly divide struck me as very much the "mixture as before." "M.P.s baroneted" or baroned, "aldermen knighted," and so on; the Services receiving their usual unbending-scale ration of decorations, and here and there a crumb dropped to the "lesser breeds." And the mingled honours (too long for the average reader to spell through) seemed to me to embrace as large a number of "humbler workers" in all walks as modern democracy can possibly demand. What then was the bone and beak of the Thunderer's complaint? What big fish escaped the Honours trawler's net? The smaller fry at any rate, strained it to bursting.

Mrs. Colman.—Mrs. Russell Colman, who died the other day in her ninetieth year, was a woman of the strongest character and of untiring energy. The wife of Russell Colman, sometime H.M. Lieutenant for Norfolk, perhaps one of the most charming men of our time, she was the matriarch of the noblest sort at Crown Point, that monument of Victorian country-house life at its best. She was the mother of two noble sons, both of whom died untimely as the result of war service, and she was the active inspiration all her married life of a dozen local causes, such as nursing and the welfare of old people. Crown Point was an ugly, great house, but inside it housed beauties and treasures uncountable, in chief the superb collection of Cotmans and of other Norwich painters which Mr. Colman bequeathed to the City of Norwich; and a unique library of Norfolk literature besides. Crown Point also was the headquarters of the best or most varied shooting in Norfolk, which is to say in England, from snipe in the town sewerage fields, to duck on the Broads and masses of partridges and high pheasants in fields and coverts. Small wonder that the father and his two sons were among the best shots in Norfolk in their day; never professional cracks, but generous, unselfish, "marauders" by preference, skilled in every branch of country lore.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The BURNS COUNTRY

To Commemorate the Birth on January 25th, George Blake Describes the Lovely West of Scotland Country, Where the Poet Lived and Worked

"A New Launching on the Clyde."—In last week's issue of THE SPHERE, two pictures (on page 61) were described as the launching of the S.S. *Cotopaxi*, a new cargo vessel. This ship was, in fact, the new Royal Yacht, *Britannia*. The unfortunate error in our description was due entirely to misleading information supplied by the photographic news agency from whom these two pictures came.

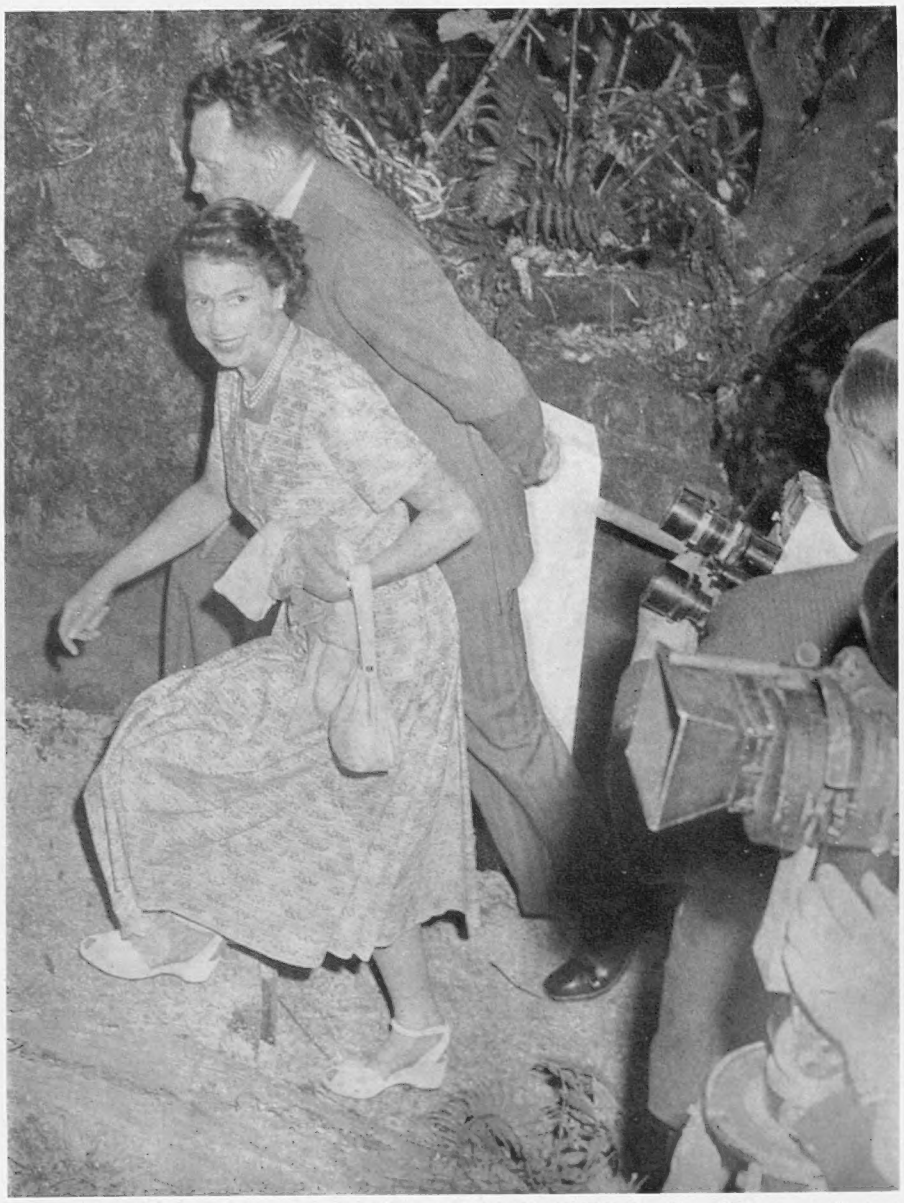
EDITOR

EPIPHANY IN LONDON—THE ANNUAL PROCESSION TO THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL

A POLICEMAN HOLDS UP THE TRAFFIC WHILE A PROCESSION MAKES ITS WAY FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE TO THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE FOR THE ANNUAL EPIPHANY CEREMONIES: Following the Crucifer are choirboys of the Chapel Royal who sang at the service of Holy Communion celebrated by the Rev. Maurice Foxell, sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. During the service the Queen's customary offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh was made by Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley and Colonel Sidney FitzGerald, Gentlemen ushers to the Queen. The gifts, symbolic of those brought by the Three Wise Men to the infant Christ at the manger in Bethlehem, have been presented each Epiphany by the Sovereign for nearly 800 years. Until the late nineteenth century monarchs made the Epiphany offerings in person. At last week's service a guard of honour of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty in the Chapel, and Mr. Harry Gabb, Organist, Choirmaster and Composer at the Chapels Royal, was at the organ. Also taking part in the service was the Rev. G. E. Sage, Priest-in-Ordinary. Another picture of a London Epiphany-tide ceremony appears on page 91 of this issue.

A TRADITIONAL TWELFTH NIGHT OCCASION IN THEATRELAND

THE TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY OF THE CUTTING OF THE BADDELEY CAKE IN THE FOYER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE: Austin Melford, assisted by Valerie Hobson, star of *The King and I*, performs his annual Twelfth Night duty at London's celebrated theatre. Standing on the extreme left is Herbert Lom, the other principal character of the American musical; on the left of Valerie Hobson is Muriel Smith. Grouped round the back of the table and taking an amused interest in the cake-cutting are other members of the cast. The ceremony at the theatre derives from the will of Robert Baddeley, the eighteenth-century pastry-cook actor, who bequeathed a sum of £100 to provide a cake bearing his name which should be cut every Twelfth Night for Her Majesty's Company of Comedians—the correct title for any company appearing at the theatre; punch is also supplied.

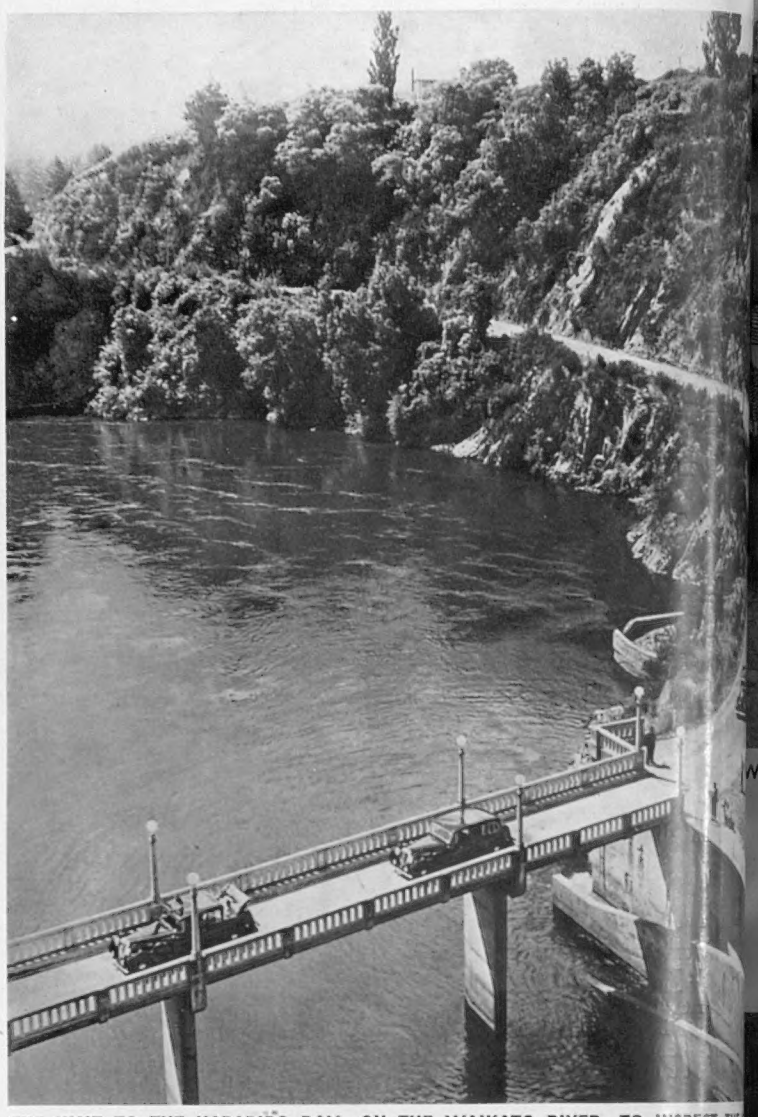


THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE GLOW-WORM CAVES AT WAITOMO: Her Majesty smiles at cameramen and photographers during her tour of Aranui Cave on New Year's Eve. She also visited the other famous limestone cave, known as the Grotto of Glow-worms, and saw the magnificent display of stalagmites and stalactites. A great silence descended upon the Royal party as they made their way in flat-bottomed boats through the caves, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent twenty minutes watching the great spectacle of light provided by the glow-worms. The Queen was impressed with her visit. Later she dined with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holland, and other members of their entourage at a local hotel.

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

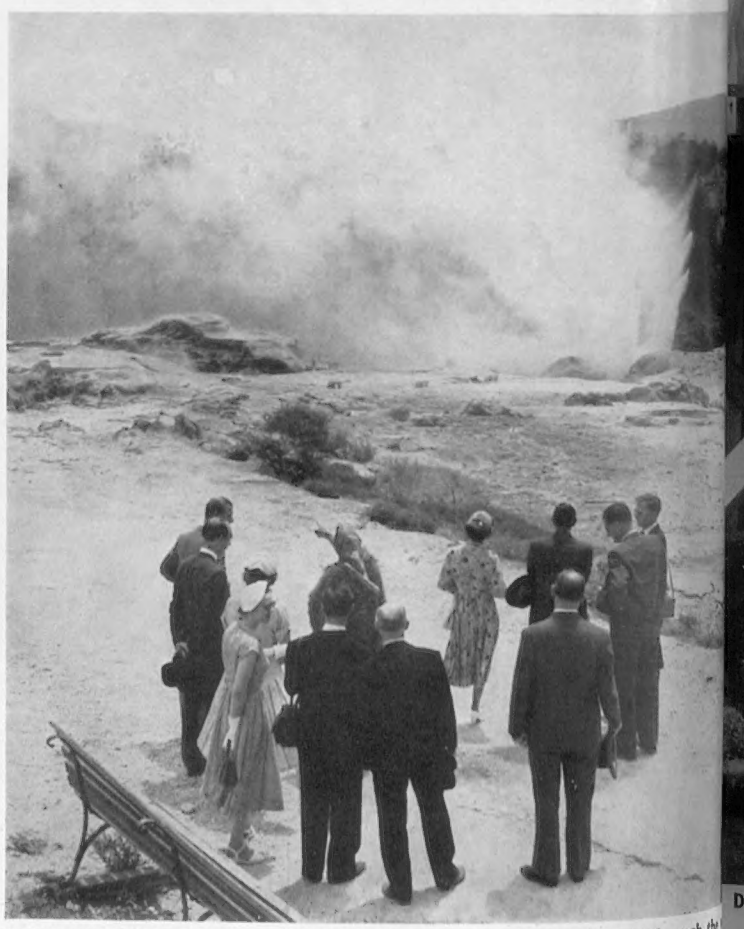
SOUTHWARDS TO ROTORU

Travelling Into the Centre of North Island, the Queen Sees th Glow-worms, and Calls at Rotorua Before Resting at Moose Lod

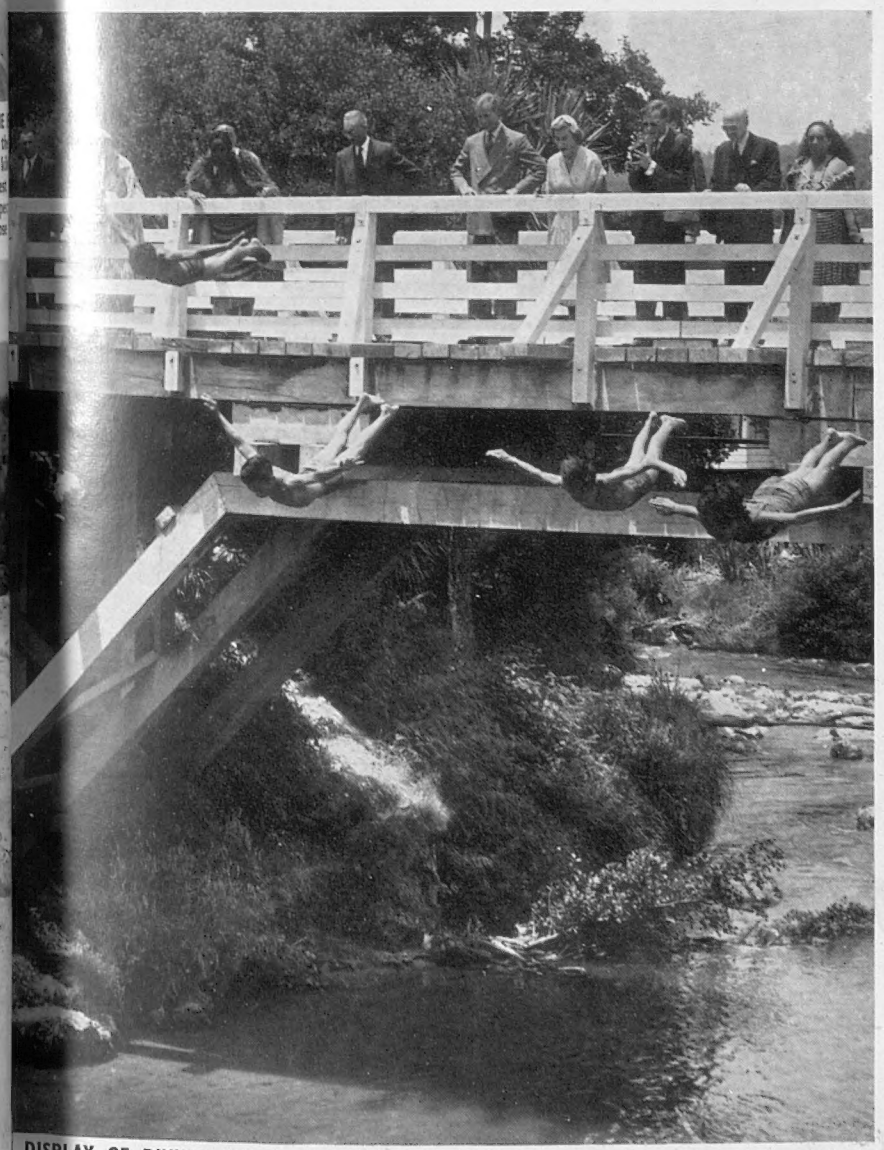


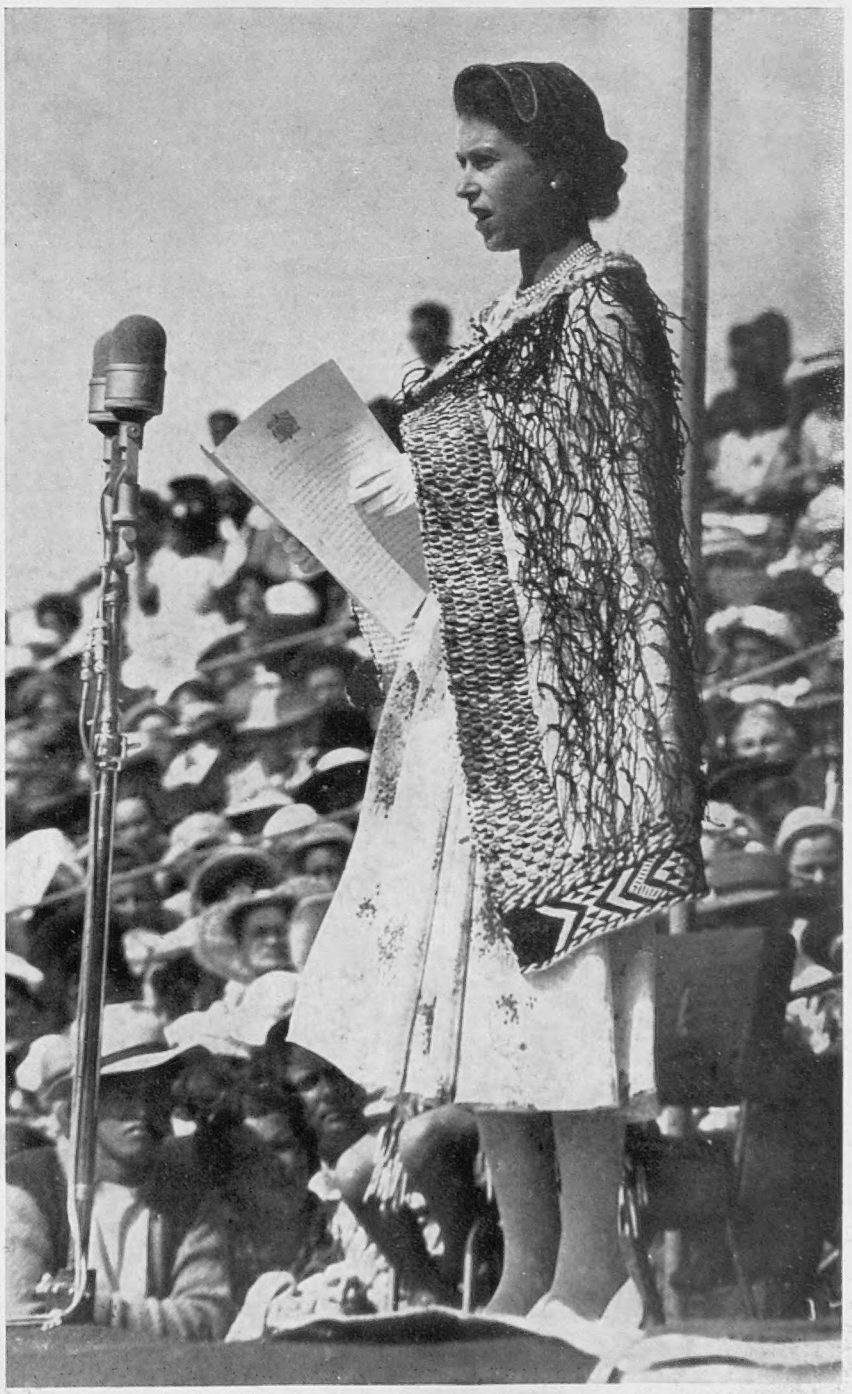
THE VISIT TO THE KARAPIRO DAM, ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, TO INSPECT THE ELECTRIC STATION: The Royal cars are seen below the spillway at t The three generating units at Karapiro, each with a capacity of 30,000 k are among the largest in New Zealand. The station is the farthest stream of ten, three of which are already in operation. After the inspe Karapiro came the visit to Rotorua and then a few days' rest at Moos

QUIETER DAYS AT ROTORUA BEFORE THE THREE DAYS' REST AT MOOSE LODGE, THE HOLIDAY HOME ON LAKE ROTOITI: *Left*—The Queen and the Duke walking through the grounds of Moose Lodge, which had been placed at their disposal by Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cole, of Auckland. There the Royal visitors were able to relax in privacy and enjoy the water-sports. *Right*—The Royal party watch an active geyser during their visit to a Maori village, just before retiring to Moose Lodge. Rangi, who accompanied the party, is seen explaining the activities to the Duke. Although this was a surprise visit, local Maoris congregated to see the



WEARING THEIR KOROWAI CLOAKS, THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVE THE MARAE AT ARAWA PARK AFTER THE GREAT MAORI RECEPTION AT ROTORUA : This was the climax of the Royal tour for the Maoris of North Island, and they turned out in force to greet the visitors. As the Queen arrived she was challenged by tribesmen with brandished spears, and then conducted to the Maori Bishop of New Zealand, who invested both her and her husband with ceremonial cloaks of finely woven flax with intricate black embroidery. It was then that the Queen became a Paramount Chief. Maoris were reported to have travelled many days for the meeting, and it was estimated that the crowd totalled 10,000. There was special applause for the Queen when she finished her speech with "Kia ora koutou"—"Good luck to everyone."





DISPLAY OF DIVING AND A SPEECH TO 10,000 AT A COLOURFUL CEREMONY : *Left*—Three Maori boys and a girl dive for a coin off the Whaka Bridge in front of the Royal party. *Right*—With her Korowai cloak around her shoulders the Queen speaks to the great gathering representative of the whole Maori race at Arawa Park, Rotorua, and encourages them to hold fast to their own language and culture, and their arts and crafts. To speak in a Royal Marae (tribal meeting-place) was the highest privilege the Maoris could confer on their new Paramount Chief. (Further pictures of the Royal Tour will be found on pages 78-79.)

ROMANCE IN SCOTLAND

Miss Isabel Patino, Pursued by her Father, Elopes to Scotland with Mr. James Goldsmith

In the cramped Registrar's office of Kelso, Roxburghshire, the most romantic elopement in years came to its conclusion: James Michael Goldsmith, aged twenty, the Old Etonian son of a wealthy hotel owner, and Isabel Patino, eighteen-year-old daughter of a Bolivian multi-millionaire, were made man and wife. They met at a Coronation Eve party in London and, say friends, fell in love at first sight. Isabel's parents refused her permission to wed because the couple were too young. To damp the young couple's ardour, they sent Isabel to Casablanca with a chaperon. From then on, the story is in the best traditions of romantic fiction. Isabel eluded her duenna and flew to Paris to meet James; from there to London, where they found out that in Scotland, traditional resort of runaway lovers, they could marry without parental consent. For a fortnight they hid there to establish residence while Isabel's irate father searched fruitlessly to find them. The day before they would have been free to marry, Don Antenor Patino obtained an interim interdict against a licence being issued, but the next day, still unable to find the couple, he withdrew his legal opposition and returned to London. At the end of it all, James Goldsmith summed up: "We are very, very happy, and we are glad it is all over."

THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN KELSO: James Goldsmith (twenty) and Isabel Patino (eighteen) have just been married by James Mable (right), the Registrar of Kelso, Roxburghshire. It was the culmination of a romantic elopement in the course of which Isabel Patino escaped from her chaperon in Casablanca and fled to Scotland with Mr. Goldsmith, where they hid for a fortnight to establish residence. Under Scots law anyone over sixteen years of age can be married without their parents' consent.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST: The newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith (right) relax at last in the George Hotel, Edinburgh, with their solicitor and aide, Colonel Ian Smith (second from left), a former Rugby international. Isabel's father, Don Antenor Patino, a Bolivian tin millionaire, had tried to stop the wedding by getting an interim interdict from the Edinburgh Court of Session. He withdrew it at the last minute and returned to London without attending the wedding.

THE THWARTED PARENTS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND: Don Antenor Patino (left) and his wife, the Duchess of Durcal, alight at St. Pancras with their solicitor. The Patinos opposed the match because, they said, the couple were too young.

THE TRIUMPHANT COUPLE FLY OFF TO PARIS: The Goldsmiths walk to their plane at London Airport for the start of their honeymoon. They travelled incognito, hoping, vainly, to avoid recognition. They plan to make their home in Paris.

A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS ASSEMBLED TO HEAR THE PRESIDENT : President Dwight D. Eisenhower, at the rostrum, delivering his speech in the Chamber of the House of Representatives in Washington. Immediately behind him are Vice-President Richard Nixon, left, and Representative Joseph W. Martin, Speaker of the House. The floor of the Chamber was crowded with Senators and Representatives, and the Visitors' Gallery, which extends right round the Chamber, was packed. Behind the clock is the Reporters' Gallery. In his Message to Congress on the State of the Union, President Eisenhower outlined the legislative programme of his Government. He touched on foreign policy as well as domestic issues.

JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS

President Eisenhower Delivers His Traditional State of the Union Message in Washington

THE CHAPLAIN WAITS AS THE SPEAKER CALLS FOR ORDER : The Rev. Bernard Braskamp, House Chaplain, waiting to say the opening prayer as Speaker Joseph W. Martin uses the gavel when Congress re-assembled.

A CHEERFUL GRIN FROM THE PRESIDENT : President Eisenhower bestowing a big smile on Congress during his speech. Vice-President Nixon and Speaker Martin, sitting behind, seem to have missed the point.

FOUR NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES TAKE THE OATH OF OFFICE : The ceremony taking place on the floor of the House after Congress had reconvened. The four new members, with their hands raised, are, from left, Representatives Glenard P. Lipscomb, a Republican from California ; Harrison A. Williams, Jnr., Democrat, New Jersey ; Lester Johnson, Democrat, Wisconsin ; and William H. Natcher, Democrat, Kentucky.

FUN AND GAMES AT THE KREMLIN

For Ten Days Moscow's Children Celebrated the New Year with Parties in the Redoubtable Fortress

Not for a long time have the patter of little feet and the sounds of childish laughter echoed through the halls of the grim fortress which broods over Moscow. But for the first ten days of the New Year the Kremlin was the scene of mass children's parties. Each day boys and girls from Moscow schools crowded into the huge Georgievsky Hall, where they joined the party games and each child received a present. In the middle of the hall stood a giant fir tree—never a Christmas tree in the Soviet Union—which was illuminated by Grandfather Frost. This venerable character, a sort of People's Democratic Santa Claus, made the 2,500 children who attended the first party gasp with apprehension when he pretended to have forgotten the sweets. But evidently all turned out well, for later Moscow Radio was able to broadcast the laughter and cheering of the young guests.

For those slightly older, a masked ball was held in one of the halls of the Grand Palace on New Year's Day. Those who attended included young workers of distinction, university students, officers and military cadets, and last-term boys and girls from Moscow secondary school. A concert and cabaret were given during the ball, in which well-known Moscow actors, singers and musicians appeared.

The New Year parties, which were part of the children's New Year holidays, resulted in another innovation at the Kremlin. The children were also permitted to visit many of the famous Kremlin buildings. Hitherto only privileged guests had occasionally been taken on conducted tours round the great palaces and cathedrals. Now thousands of children have been given a glimpse of the treasures of Tsarist Russia as well as enjoying the hospitality of the Supreme Soviet.

PARTY GAMES UNDER THE CHANDELIERS: Moscow schoolchildren linking hands at the New Year party in the Georgievsky Hall at the Kremlin. At the far end of the hall stands the huge illuminated fir tree. For the first ten days of the New Year, thousands of school children attended mass parties in the great Moscow fortress.

GRANDFATHER FROST AND THE SNOW MAIDEN: The Soviet version of Father Christmas and his granddaughter. Fairy-tale characters both loved and feared attended the children's parties.

THE MOSCOW ARTS BALL: Young Moscow men and women at the masked ball which was held in the Grand Palace of the Kremlin on New Year's Day. The evening's entertainments included a concert and cabaret by well-known Moscow artists, and the ball was blessed by the presence of Mr. Shvernik, the former Soviet President.

"AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR THE NEW YEAR?": Grandfather Frost holds up one of his young admirers in Moscow's Central Park of Culture and Rest. When not officiating at the Kremlin parties, the Soviet Santa Claus toured the Moscow parks.

THE SCHOOLCHILDREN GET A GLIMPSE OF THE TREASURES OF TSARIST RUSSIA: Boys and girls contemplating the exhibits in the Armoury Hall. Those who attended the parties in the Kremlin were also given the exceptional opportunity of seeing some of the magnificent palaces and cathedrals within the fortress.

GRANDFATHER FROST'S PONY-DRAWN SLEIGH: Children flocking to their New Year favourite when he appeared in a Moscow park. As he proceeded through the park, he was pursued by a stream of youngsters.

HITLER'S REICHSWEHR RETURNS

FOR MANY IT WAS TEN YEARS SINCE THEY HAD SEEN THE FATHERLAND

The New Year brought rejoicing to many German homes: hundreds of German prisoners, newly-released by the Russians after, in some cases, more than ten years of captivity, arrived at the Friedland dispersal camp in Lower Saxony. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal German Republic, went there, accompanied by a neighbour whose husband was in the latest batch, to welcome the returning veterans personally. Among them were a husband and wife, Baron and Baroness von Hausen-Aubier; he had been Chief of Staff to the Sixth Corps and she had been a Luftwaffe officer. After their capture in 1945, both were sentenced in Moscow to twenty-five years' forced labour for alleged espionage. Another was Christian Ludwig, Duke of Mecklenburg, who had also been sentenced to twenty-five years' forced labour. The prisoners had varying stories to tell of their treatment by the Russians; some had endured extreme privations, others had been treated "correctly." Several prisoners who had been released from the notorious Vorkuta Camp, on the White Sea, told of Britons and Americans who are still held there.

One returned prisoner, Gerhard Muller, sentenced in 1947 for a political offence in East Germany, said that in his camp "free" men—men who had served their sentence but who were obliged to continue working in the mines—were probably worse off than the prisoners. The "free" men had crowded round him before he left and said: "Remember, when you are back home, that there are still men living here."

DR. ADENAUER JOINS RETURNED PRISONERS IN THE NATIONAL ANTHEM: The German Chancellor visited a camp in Lower Saxony to welcome personally several hundred prisoners, most of them ex-soldiers, whom the Russians had just released. Standing with the Chancellor are Heinrich Kopf, Prime Minister of Lower Saxony, and Dr. Ottmar Kohlen, one of those newly-returned. Dr. Kohlen is credited with saving the lives of many imprisoned Germans in a Soviet camp, where he operated in a stable under the most primitive conditions.

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR TALK TO THEIR CHANCELLOR: Sitting with Dr. Adenauer (right), at Friedland, is the last surviving daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II, the Duchess Victoria Louise of Brunswick.

On left—
A REPORTER INTERVIEWS FRAULEIN HERGART WILMANNS, niece of Dr. Dibelius, the Evangelical Bishop of Berlin, and Count Robert von Buttar-Brandenfels, a former naturalised British subject. The Count was kidnapped in Berlin in 1948 and sentenced to death as a spy. Fraulein Wilmanns was arrested in East Germany in 1947 and sentenced to ten years' forced labour for alleged spying. The couple met in a prison camp and now plan to marry.

APPLAUSE FOR THE NEW GERMANY: A welcome by a democratic German leader after ten years of captivity was not the homecoming that these Reichswehr veterans expected. Dr. Adenauer said that everything would be done to reinstate prisoners in the new community which was the Federal Republic. Since September the Russians have repatriated nearly 11,000 of these prisoners, but the Prisoners of War Association in Berlin estimates that there are still some 96,000 Germans in Russia. At the end of the war 1,270,000 Germans were missing; most have now been given up as dead.

GRIM FACES TELL OF GRIM YEARS: Some of the men listening to Dr. Adenauer had been in Soviet prison camps, through fearful Siberian winters, for more than ten years.

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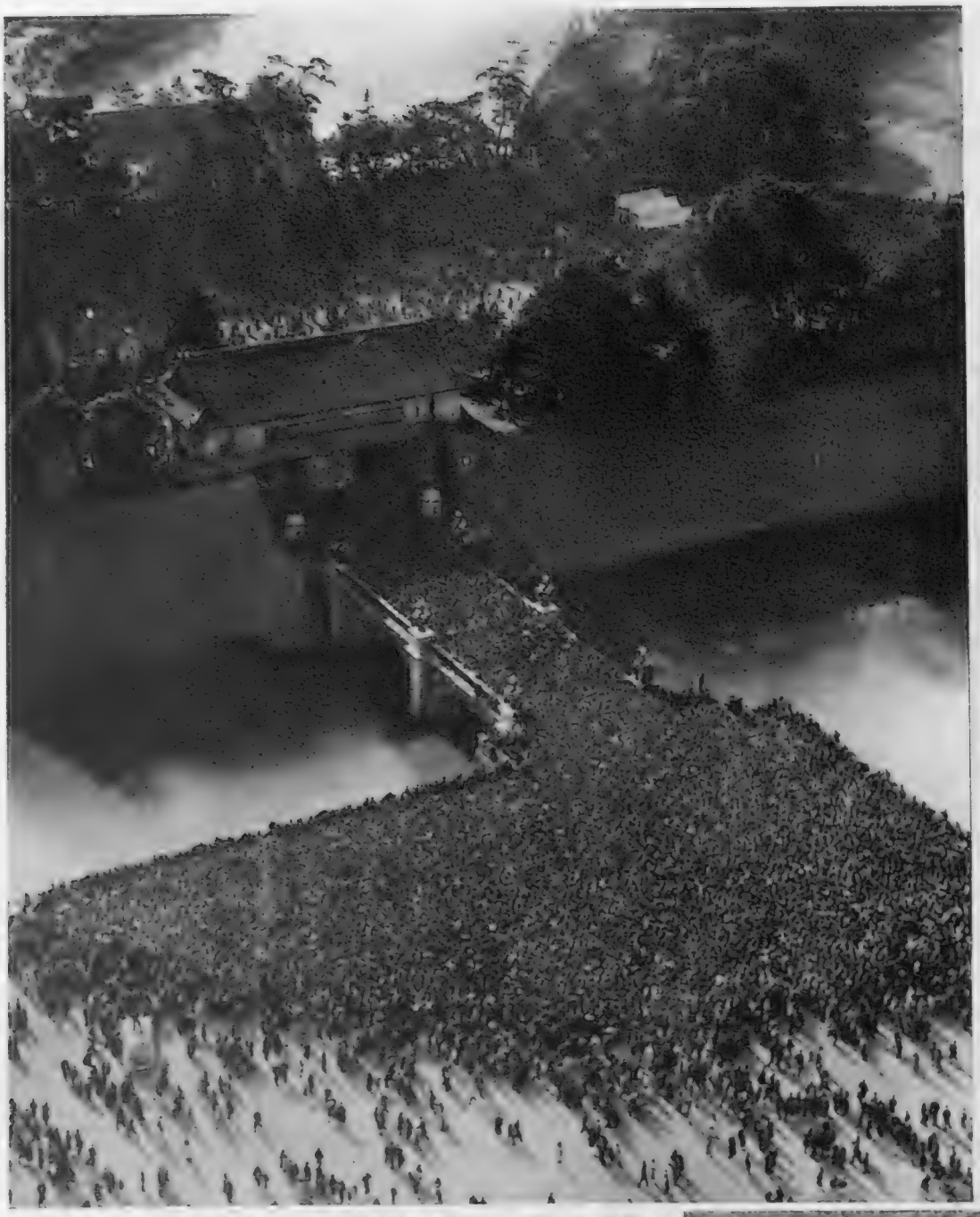
A FOREIGN SURV

A Pictorial Review of Recent Even
in Europe, Asia and Africa



THE HUMAN WALL WHICH CRUSHED SIXTEEN PEOPLE TO DEATH IN TOKYO : A seething mass of people pouring over the double-arched Nijubashi Bridge into the grounds of Tokyo's Imperial Palace. About 700,000 people had come to wish the Emperor a happy New Year. When guards tried to close the Palace gates those still outside pressed forward and swept away a police cordon. As the disappointed crowds stampeded over the bridge, women and children were trampled underfoot in the panic. Sixteen were killed and forty-three people were injured.

SEEKING STILL GREATER DEPTHS—A BATHYSCAPHE IS L... DAKAR : The French Navy's bathyscaphe *F.N.R.S.* ... launched by a huge floating crane in the waters of Dak... The craft is being manned by Capitaine de corv... Houot and Marine Engineer Henri Wilm. They are ... to regain the deep-sea diving record which they hel... time last August. Then they reached a depth o... using the same bathyscaphe. Soon afterwards, howeve... Auguste Piccard and his son descended to a depth o... The *F.N.R.S. III* was once used by Professor Picca... who designed it. During the present operat... hoped to reach a depth of 13,200 ft. in Dak...

THE FRENCH PREMIER RECEIVES A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE : M. Joseph Laniel addressing a brief "extraordinary" session of the French National Assembly. Behind him, at the chairman's bench, sits M. André le Troquer, Vice-President of the Assembly, whose figure, in evening dress, was such a familiar sight during the recent Presidential elections at Versailles. A majority of seventy approved M. Laniel's general policy. The Prime Minister's main concern was that France should be sure of having a Government in time for the forthcoming talks in Berlin.

PROTESTING AGAINST A MILITARY ALLIANCE FOR PAKISTAN : Part of the mile-long ... Ajmeri Gate, in Delhi, which protested against a proposed military alliance ... States and Pakistan. The mass demonstration, which was organised by the ... was attended by about 3,000 people, who marched through the bazaars ... When the party secretary addressed demonstrators near the Red Fort their numbers ... Many of those who took part in the procession were small children and ... carried banners, reading "Hands off Asia" and "Asia for the Asians," and ... mounted on the buffalo cart proclaimed that an American-Pakistan pact ... tolerated. A large number of huge portraits of Pandit Nehru ...

AKING HANDS JUST TO MAKE SURE—GIGLI AND HIS IMPRESARIO : Beniamino Gigli (left), the tenor, gives Mr. S. A. Gorlinsky a determined shake by the hand at his apartment in Rome. There has recently been some controversy as to who will manage Gigli's forthcoming visit to Britain. It had been announced that the London County Council would present the tenor at the Royal Festival Hall by arrangement with Mr. Jack Hylton and Mr. Harold Fielding. Mr. Gorlinsky, however, declared that all contracts for the tour had been made with him, and Gigli later confirmed this. The matter is now in the hands of the solicitors of all three parties.

SIGNOR PELLA AND HIS GOVERNMENT RESIGN : The Italian Prime Minister leaving the Quirinal Palace in Rome after handing his resignation to President Einaudi. The Prime Minister had tried to reshuffle his Ministry, but after a week's efforts he found that the task was beyond him. For some time Signor Pella had been having differences with his own Christian Democrat Party, and when finally the party vetoed his choice for the office of Minister of Agriculture he decided to resign. Signor Pella's Government took office after the General Elections last June had failed to produce a decisive majority for any party. Pella succeeded de Gasperi as Prime Minister in August.

END OF A BORDER DISPUTE BETWEEN GREECE AND BULGARIA : General Papavramov (left), leader of the Bulgarian delegation, and General Geroyannis signing the Greek-Bulgarian border agreement in Salonika. This settlement is the result of five months' work by a joint border Commission. The greatest source of dispute had been three islands in the River Evros, or Maritza. The middle of the course of the river was agreed on as the border line, but the three islands would change ownership whenever the course of the river altered. Finally, it was agreed that Greece would rule over the greater part of the islands.

ST EUROPEAN REFUGEES LEAVE FOR AUSTRALIA : Emigrants waving good-bye from the rails of the Italian ship *Toscane* which left Trieste for Australia. About 725 refugees, mainly from Yugoslavia and other countries in Eastern Europe, were on board. Their emigration is part of a long-term programme which will help refugees, many of whom are in camps in Trieste, to find new homes in South American countries and in Australia. Some 2,000 refugees left Trieste during the past year, but there are still about 3,000 who are waiting to go. The scheme has been devised by the Inter-Government Committee for European Emigration.

LAST FORMALITIES BEFORE LEAVING FOR A NEW LIFE : Some of the refugees from Eastern Europe who left Trieste for Australia are seen having their documents checked before embarkation. When the emigrants arrive in their new country most of them will find employment on the farms.

VO FRENCHMEN CLAIM THE DURATION RECORD FOR A TWO-SEATER GLIDER : The glider, which carried the two men, M. Lebeau and M. Fronteau, is seen in flight during the attempt over Romanin-les-Alpilles. The aircraft stayed in the air for 56 hours 11 mins. The standing record, which is also held by France, was set up by A. Carraz and J. Branswick in February 1952. They were airborne for 53 hours 4 mins. France is also the holder of the single-seat duration record for motorless aircraft.

A MODERN MIRACLE CLAIMED IN SOUTHERN FRANCE : Pilgrims at Entrevaux, about 30 miles from Nice, gathering before the wooden statue of Saint Anne, from whose finger blood is reported to have flowed. The statue belongs to Jean Salate, proprietor of a local hotel. It stands in the hotel restaurant, and it is stated that Salate, having lost at cards, waved his fist and broke a finger on the statue. In the morning he was amazed to find it dripping blood. The bleeding stopped on the first day after thirty drops of blood had been collected, but the following morning bleeding started again. The blood was analysed and pronounced to be human. Church officials made no comment.

AUSTRALIA'S ICY WEATHER BASE

Heard Island, which Only the Hardiest can Endure, is the Home of Many Rare Creatures

TWO thousand miles south-west of Fremantle, Western Australia, lies Heard Island, one of the windiest places in the world. It is one of Australia's smallest possessions, and until recent years little was known about it. This still partly unexplored island is continually buffeted by the stormy seas. It is only 27 miles long and 12 miles wide. In geological formation it is a huge volcanic cone rising out of the sea to a height of 9,000 ft. The volcano is still in action, and spectacular displays occur from time to time.

Heard Island is situated so far south that it comes under the influence of the cold Antarctic air mass, which makes its climate similar to that of the frozen continent to the south. The island is almost completely covered by an ice-sheet 300 ft. thick, but due to the warming influence of the sea, the black volcanic sand beaches are free from ice during the summer.

Since 1947, when Australia took possession of the island, a scientific expedition has been maintained there. The scientists are relieved annually, and their work has added greatly to knowledge of the island and the little-known animal life which existed in this region. Before the Australian expedition was landed no permanent habitation existed.

HEARD ISLAND SEEN FROM THE AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION'S BASE CAMP: There has been a scientific expedition based in this inhospitable island since Australia took possession of it in 1947. In the background is "Big Ben," a 9,000-ft. volcano which still erupts periodically. The members of the expedition, who are relieved annually, send back hourly weather reports to Melbourne, and carry out an extensive biological programme which involves branding elephant seal pups and ringing thousands of sea birds.

The island was discovered in 1853 by Captain Heard, an American sealing captain, during a voyage from Boston to Christchurch, New Zealand. However, he failed to land there owing to the furious surf which relentlessly pounds the beaches. It was not until some years later that sealing gangs succeeded in running the gauntlet of the breakers, after which they made annual excursions from Kergulen Island, 300 miles to the north. They slaughtered the island's elephant seals in thousands and made huge profits for their employers, but the continual blizzards finally drove them away. Traces of their short-lived occupation can still be seen around the beaches: blubber pots, cartridge cases and rusted spear-heads are scattered about the ruined huts which the sealers sank into the black volcanic sands for protection against the winds.

In 1873, H.M.S. *Challenger*, a research vessel, called at the island during her world cruise. The records made by her very able scientists provide a glimpse of the life during those times. About forty men lived on the island at six ice-free beaches. The scientists were told that some sealers had stayed during the severe Antarctic winters. but many had perished through inability to stand extremes of temperature and the monotonous existence. Many sealers went mad and wandered out across the glaciers never to return; others were shot by their companions to relieve them of their miseries. To-day the graves of some of these hardy men can still be seen around the beaches; wind-scoured pieces of driftwood serve as headstones, monuments of an age gone by.

Although the volcano is in continual eruption, no lava flows over the crater rim. But in 1910, the crew of the S.S. *Wakefield*, when passing some miles to the north, witnessed what was probably the biggest eruption in modern times: hundreds of volcanic bombs were ejected simultaneously.

The existing crater rises 9,000 ft. sheer from the sea and is guarded by precipitous ice-cliffs which are continually swept by avalanches. Huge glaciers sprawl down the mountain and push out into the sea; their snouts are continually battered by the huge waves. No man has yet succeeded in climbing to the crater rim. The highest point reached so far is only 4,000 ft. Inclement weather is the greatest hindrance to would-be climbers. One perfect day is followed by a week of howling blizzards, winds often reaching 120 miles per hour. It is impossible to stand up on the exposed mountain; igloos have to be built, because tents of the best wind-proof fabric are torn to shreds within minutes.

In the southern spring, Heard Island is the scene of great activity. The huge, ungainly elephant seals establish their harems, penguins arrive to breed and the great sea birds arrive in thousands to nest. In spring and summer the island teems with wild life, and provides a natural sanctuary for many of what once were the world's most hunted creatures. The very rare fur seal, almost slaughtered to extinction a century ago, has continued to breed here for some years, and now a small colony exists on the northern tip of the island: it is probably the largest single group in the world to-day. The little-known Macaroni penguins breed in millions, and the majestic wandering albatrosses establish their fortress-like rookeries above the black lava cliffs.

The Australian expedition carries out a full scientific programme every year. Weather information is transmitted almost hourly to the Melbourne Weather Bureau. This helps the meteorologists in Australia to predict accurate forecasts for their southern coastal regions, especially important to all airline routes operating in Australia and New Zealand.

Heard Island is situated close to a region of sky known as the auroral zone, where the Southern Lights are frequently seen. Little is known about this strange phenomenon, which, when active, greatly hinders radio receptions throughout the world. Each year the expedition observers obtain new information which is helping to solve the riddle of the "radio black-outs."

In the spring a comprehensive biological programme is carried out. Elephant seal pups are branded to help the biologists keep track of their annual migrations, and since 1949 thousands of sea birds have been "tagged." Giant petrels, ringed at Heard Island, have been sighted in all the southern continents, showing that these sea vultures migrate enormous distances when their breeding is over. The Arctic tern, the most amazing migratory bird in the world, is occasionally seen around the beaches, and at least two pairs breed on the island. When autumn approaches, the wild life departs to a warmer climate; only the sinister leopard seal remains in the frigid waters, occasionally coming ashore to sleep off a heavy meal of fish.

During the long Antarctic winter, blizzards continually sweep across the island. Sometimes freak winds blow down from Africa, bringing the warm air masses; these melt the thick layer of snow at sea-level and force a premature spring thaw. Next day, however, it is winter again: blizzards tear in from the direction of the South Pole, once more blotting out the landscape.

During the past six years the Australian public have wondered about the future importance of their tiny outpost. Only one natural harbour exists, a fjord-like bay which provides shelter from the southerly winds; but the wind can suddenly shift and make this anchorage dangerous.

The coastline around Heard Island is so rugged and treacherous that it takes a month to travel round it. Little is yet known about the southern side, because the great ice-falls present a formidable barrier to surveying parties.

Heard Island may prove to be the Australian centre of a new industry—fishing for plankton. Whale-hunting by the factory ship method is proving more unfruitful each year as the whale numbers steadily decrease. It is far more economical to extract oil direct from the whale's food called krill—a form of plankton. While the whales decrease, the shoals of krill annually increase. Special ships with open funnel-shaped bows will be built to catch and process the plankton; Heard Island is an ideal base for these ships.

The island itself may, however, have other plans; any time the volcanic activity may increase and make habitation risky or impossible. Even so, it is unlikely that Australia would ever relinquish her claims to the tiny storm-swept outpost in the Southern Ocean.

Peter Lancaster Brown

A ROOKERY OF MACARONI PENGUINS: These little-known birds come to Heard Island in their millions for the spring breeding season. For many years men were unable to put a boat ashore because of the heavy surf which pounds the beaches throughout the year. Sealing gangs eventually found a way through the breakers.

WEST BAY, A BREEDING-GROUND OF THE ELEPHANT SEALS: This is one of the places where the sealers slaughtered the elephant seals by thousands. The sealers were eventually driven away by the continual blizzards to grounds where the weather was less severe.

THE WILD LIFE OF HEARD ISLAND

In the Springtime Seals and Birds Arrive in their Millions for their Annual Breeding Season

A KING PENGUIN IN THE PROCESS OF MOULTING : The island teems with wild life during the spring but, as autumn approaches, they leave for warmer climates, and only the leopard seals stay to brave the 120-m.p.h. blizzards. *On right*—Macaroni penguins building nests.

AN EIGHT-MONTH-OLD FUR SEAL : Fur seals are extremely rare; the sealers slaughtered them almost to extinction a century ago. A small colony now exists on the northern tip of the island.

SOOTY ALBATROSSES ROOSTING : These birds call in at Heard Island to breed, nesting above the black lava cliffs; it makes one of their few breaks in their almost continuous flight around the Southern Hemisphere. In winter a thick ice sheet covers the island.

A GIANT PETREL GUARDS ITS NESTLING : Some of these birds have been ringed at Heard Island and later found enormous distances away. The wingspan of an adult bird is roughly 8 ft.

AN OLD BULL ELEPHANT SEAL : This specimen is so ancient that his teeth are almost worn to the gum. He is probably lord of a considerable harem and his offspring will be branded by members of the Australian expedition to help them check on the seal's migratory habits.

ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS IN WHANGAREI, PRINCIPAL TOWN OF THE NORTHLAND DISTRICT, THE NARROW, 200-MILE PENINSULA NORTH OF AUCKLAND: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seen on the balcony of the Commercial Hotel, where they received a great ovation after driving 100 miles from Auckland. The Royal party spent the night at Whangarei before setting out for Warkworth, where the Queen was given a public welcome in the main street. After Warkworth came a quiet picnic lunch by the sea at Puhoi Beach.

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

FAREWELL TO AUCKLAN

ANOTHER MEETING WITH THE MAORIS, AND THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS THROUGH NORTH ISLAND

ONE OF THE QUEEN'S LAST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENTS IN AUCKLAND: *Left*—William Goodfellow receives the accolade of knighthood during an Investiture ceremony in [illegible] Hall. Among the recipients of awards were members of New Zealand's armed forces, decorated for service in Korea. *Right*—Her Majesty, wearing an ice[illegible] skirted evening gown, a diamond circlet, diamond and pearl ear-rings and a diamond necklace and bracelets, acknowledges the crowd outside the [illegible]

A VISIT OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE TO MAORIS OF THE WAIKATO TRIBE: King Koroki greets the Queen on arrival at Ngaruawahia, about 18 miles south of Hamilton, a visit which had been in doubt almost up to the last minute. The Maoris showed great enthusiasm at the Queen's presence in their town, particularly when, escorted by Princess Piki, she went into the Meeting House. It was during this visit that the Queen became the first white person for whom Maoris have invoked the protection and goodwill of their gods. *On right*—The Queen and the Duke drive down to the Waitomo River, the ancestral river of the tribe, to see two great canoes at least 100 ft. long, each carrying 100 warriors, sweep by in Royal salute.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ALTON LODGE, THE STUD FARM OF SIR JAMES AND LADY FLETCHER: This call at Te Kauwhata was made after the visit to King Koroki, and as this picture shows, the Duke of Edinburgh took the wheel of the open car for part of the journey while the Queen sat alongside him. After a private luncheon the Royal visitors inspected the paddocks.

AMUSING MOMENT DURING THE VISIT TO HAMILTON, THE MAIN TOWN OF THE WAIKATO DAIRY COUNTRY: The Queen, accompanied by the Mayor, Mr. R. Braithwaite, and other members of the civic party, watching a sheep-shearing display by two brothers, Godfrey and Ivan Bowen, the world's champion shearers, who, side by side, sheared two sheep in 2 mins. 12 secs.

A SMALL-TOWN WELCOME DURING THE DRIVE TO HAMILTON: The Queen, accompanied by the Mayor of Huntly, Dr. E. E. Willoughby, leaves the dais after the civic welcome. The programme in each of these small North Island towns has followed a similar pattern—a ceremonial drive followed by a public welcome in the main street.

E CHIEF OF THE MANIATOTO TRIBE IS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT TE KUITI: Mr. Edward Charles Davis, followed by his wife, bows in greeting as he shakes hands. In the background can be seen part of the crowd which gathered in the main street for the public welcome to the Queen.

A PLEASANT PICTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE, "AN ENGLISH-LOOKING TOWN": The Queen and the Duke seen with the Mayor and Mrs. H. C. Tod, during the civic reception held outside the Town Hall.

THE SNOWS OF WINTER

NEWS PICTURES OF EVENTS AND INVENTIONS CONCERNING WINTER SPORTS

RUSSIAN WOMEN SKI CHAMPIONS PRACTISE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THE BERNESE MOUNTAINS : The five women skiers and their trainer are seen at Grindelwald, where they were preparing for the International ski races which began last Thursday. From left to right are Aleksei Bagenov, the trainer ; Zioubeve Kosizeva, Sofia Katkova, Valentina Csareva, Aleutina Leentieva and Sofia Souchina. It was recently reported that the team had moved from the hotel where they were staying to a boarding-house, as they did not like the music and dancing.

QUEEN JULIANA GOES SKI-ING : The Queen of the Netherlands is seen walking with her skis across her shoulder at Grindelwald, where she and other members of the Dutch Royal family are enjoying a ski-ing holiday. The Queen, with the four Princesses, arrived at Grindelwald on December 29 and were joined by Prince Bernhard two days later.

POWER-DRIVEN SKIS FOR REACHING THE TOP OF THE SLOPES : *Above*—Stanley van Voorhees, the inventor of the ski, is seen in the Sierras, fitting a flexible drive to the portable motor that supplies the power. *Below*—The skis in action, carrying Mr. van Voorhees up a slope. The power for the skis is supplied by a 3½ horse-power engine and is transmitted through flexible drives to caterpillar tracks on the skis. The engine, which weighs 47 lb., will carry the skier up a three-in-one gradient at a speed of five to six miles per hour. When the top of the slope has been reached, the drive is disconnected, the skis turned over, and the shoe clamps fitted to the other side : then the skier can go downhill normally.

THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY AT GRINDELWALD : *Above*—The youngest member of the Dutch Royal family on her sleigh. Princess Marijke, who is nearly seven years old, is seen about to set off on a sleigh ride. *On left*—Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana seen with the four Princesses—Margriet, Marijke, Beatrix and Irene—at the popular ski-resort. The holiday lasted several weeks.

***On left*—**

A WINTRY WEDDING AT THE CHURCH AT WEISSENDELSTEIN, IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS : Guests are seen climbing through the snow and ice to attend the 250th wedding to be held at the church since it was built in 1889. In the right background of this picture is the Kaiser range of mountains, and to the left is the Hohe Tavern. The church is claimed to be the highest situated in East or West Germany.

THE LARGEST OF THE MODERN SHORE-BASED LIFEBOATS PLOUGHS THROUGH THE SEAS DURING TRIALS: The Barnett-type lifeboat seen moving at a speed of 9 knots while undergoing trials. This lifeboat is 52 ft. long overall, with a beam of 13 ft. 6 ins. Her two 60-h.p. Diesel engines give her a maximum speed of 9 knots and a range of 230 miles without refuelling. The Barnett is the largest of the four most recent standard lifeboats which have been introduced by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The others are the Watson Cabin types, 46 ft. and 41 ft. long, and the Liverpool type of 35 ft. 6 ins. The nature of the coasts which the lifeboats serve determines the type of vessel that is used. The R.N.L.I. has a fleet of 155 boats, manned and serviced by about 2,000 men.

THE DESIGN OF BRITAIN'S LATEST LIFEBOATS

Constantly Gaining Experience, the Designers and Builders of Shore-based Lifeboats are Making Craft Worthy of the Fine Crews that Sail Them

By UFFA FOX

Uffa Fox is best known as a distinguished yachtsman and yacht designer. But part of his apprenticeship was served in building lifeboats, and he sailed the Greenore Lifeboat to Holyhead when the station was closed. Under the direction of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, he operated a lifeboat during the war from the slipway beneath his home in the Isle of Wight. During the war Uffa Fox was also responsible for the design of all the airborne lifeboats used by the Royal Air Force, and also for those fitted to the Flying Fortresses. In this special article Mr. Fox tells of the hazards that lifeboats are called upon to encounter, and he describes the most recent features in design which have been introduced in order to meet the needs of the gallant lifeboatmen around the coasts of Britain. Designers and builders of lifeboats are constantly drawing on experience to perfect their methods, and some of the most recent craft have already proved themselves under dangerous conditions.

THE earth is three parts water, and although the sea to a seaman is a great blessing, because once on it he can go to the uttermost ends of the earth, he has no control of it and has to bow down before the powerful seas built up by great winds.

Such seas sank the *Princess Victoria*, for the north-west gale of January 1953 brought the biggest disaster of the British seas for many a long year as, in this gale, the passenger steamer foundered with a loss of 142 lives.

This same north-west gale sweeping the Atlantic in through the wide-open mouth of the North Sea (where the land of Norway and Scotland is high on either side, and also where the water is deep) drove this flood-water southward into the narrow waters between the flat lowlands of Holland and Norfolk (where the sea is shallow), and this, with the heavy seas, burst through the coast defences on the Continental and British shores, where it destroyed a great many lives and did tremendous damage.

In the height of this gale the lifeboats went out to the aid of the stricken steamer *Princess Victoria* and saved thirty-three lives. They would have saved a great many more had they been given the true positions of the stricken vessel. The Portpatrick lifeboat was launched within fifteen minutes of her call. She drove through tremendous seas and searched the position given; then, after two hours, she headed south and began another long and difficult search. It was another two-and-a-half hours later before the Portpatrick lifeboat (misguided by having received an incorrect position) found the wreckage of the *Princess Victoria*, which had sunk one-and-a-half hours earlier; but she rescued two survivors from rafts.

Meanwhile, the Donaghadee lifeboat was launched within eighteen minutes of her call, but she also was misled by receiving incorrect positions of the sinking vessel and did not reach the scene of the disaster until an hour-and-a-quarter after the *Princess Victoria* had sunk. However, she rescued thirty-one people and continued to search for another two hours, then returned in the darkness, having been over four hours battling against the mountainous seas of a heavy winter gale—a task made all the more difficult by frequent vicious squalls of sleet and snow that, at times brought visibility down to nil.

The Portpatrick lifeboat was eight hours twenty minutes at sea before being guided into the Donaghadee Harbour by the Cloughey lifeboat which had also been searching for survivors.

After only four hours in port the Donaghadee lifeboat put to sea again to take a survivor and six bodies off the trawler *Eastcotes*. She returned to harbour in the early hours of the morning after another four hours at sea

EVERY INCH OF COASTLINE AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES IS COVERED BY LIFEBOATS: This radius of action chart shows how far the responsibilities of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution extend. The lifeboatmen of Eire, it will be noted, play their part in saving life at sea around the British Isles. Nearly all lifeboatmen are volunteers, though they receive payment every time they are called out, and the dependant of a lifeboatman who loses his life while on duty receives a pension.

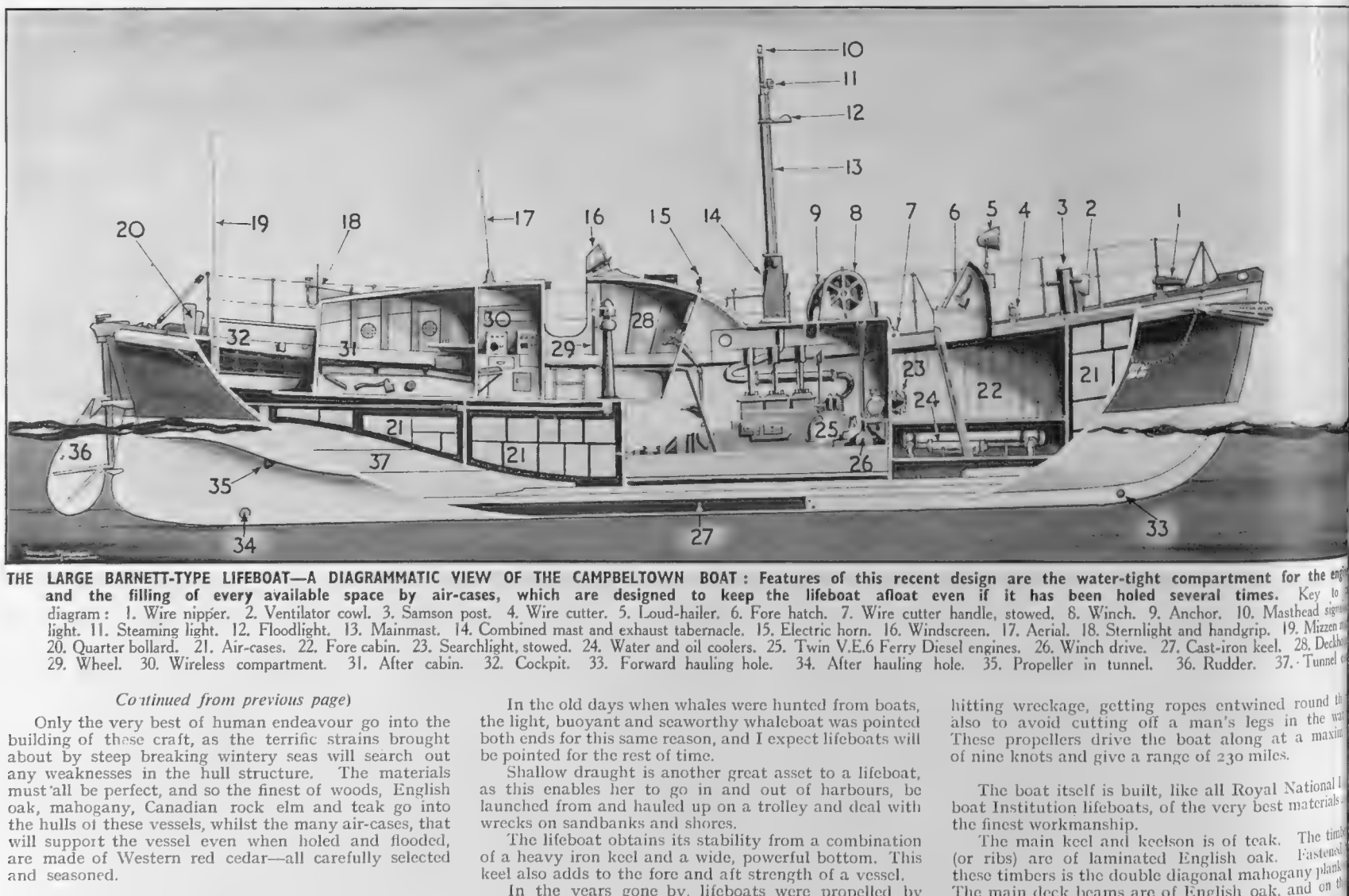
These feats proved, beyond all doubt, that our lifeboats are strong and seaworthy, and that the men who handle them are stout-hearted, steadfast and first-rate seamen.

The lifeboats themselves have been designed and developed for just over 130 years.

The early boats were rowboats. Then rowing and sailing lifeboats came along. They were then fitted with steam engines, then petrol engines, and now the petrol engines have given way to the Diesel engine, with its safer fuel and wider radius of action

(Continued on following page)

THE ABERDEEN LIFEBOAT GOES TO THE RESCUE IN HEAVY SEAS: In misty, stormy weather, the Aberdeen lifeboat is called out to a vessel in distress. This boat is one of the 52-ft. Barnett types, which carries a crew of eight. In rough weather, she can take up to 100 people on board. Among her equipment is a radio-telephone, and an oil-spray which can smooth the waters round a wreck.



THE LARGE BARNETT-TYPE LIFEBOAT—A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE CAMPBELTOWN BOAT: Features of this recent design are the water-tight compartment for the engi and the filling of every available space by air-cases, which are designed to keep the lifeboat afloat even if it has been holed several times. Key to diagram: 1. Wire nipper. 2. Ventilator cowl. 3. Samson post. 4. Wire cutter. 5. Loud-hailer. 6. Fore hatch. 7. Wire cutter handle, stowed. 8. Winch. 9. Anchor. 10. Masthead signa light. 11. Steaming light. 12. Floodlight. 13. Mainmast. 14. Combined mast and exhaust tabernacle. 15. Electric horn. 16. Windscreen. 17. Aerial. 18. Sternlight and handgrip. 19. Mizzen m 20. Quarter bollard. 21. Air-cases. 22. Fore cabin. 23. Searchlight, stowed. 24. Water and oil coolers. 25. Twin V.E.6 Ferry Diesel engines. 26. Winch drive. 27. Cast-iron keel. 28. Deckh 29. Wheel. 30. Wireless compartment. 31. After cabin. 32. Cockpit. 33. Forward hauling hole. 34. After hauling hole. 35. Propeller in tunnel. 36. Rudder. 37. Tunnel o

(Continued from previous page)

Only the very best of human endeavour go into the building of these craft, as the terrific strains brought about by steep breaking wintery seas will search out any weaknesses in the hull structure. The materials must all be perfect, and so the finest of woods, English oak, mahogany, Canadian rock elm and teak go into the hulls of these vessels, whilst the many air-cases, that will support the vessel even when holed and flooded, are made of Western red cedar—all carefully selected and seasoned.

Lifeboats have been designed with each end pointed from the very beginning. Firstly, because they must be perfectly balanced to ride the seas. As it will be realised, the bow must be pointed to divide the seas, and many know that, in order for the fine bow to lift over the greater part of the sea, the stern must also be fined off, so that it may sink and so allow the bow to rise; but, in addition to this, the lifeboat often has to dart straight into a wreck and then dash astern just as swiftly, and such manœuvres must often be carried out during rescues with a steep sea running.

In the old days when whales were hunted from boats, the light, buoyant and seaworthy whaleboat was pointed both ends for this same reason, and I expect lifeboats will be pointed for the rest of time.

Shallow draught is another great asset to a lifeboat, as this enables her to go in and out of harbours, be launched from and hauled up on a trolley and deal with wrecks on sandbanks and shores.

The lifeboat obtains its stability from a combination of a heavy iron keel and a wide, powerful bottom. This keel also adds to the fore and aft strength of a vessel.

In the years gone by, lifeboats were propelled by oars or sails, but now the only pulling lifeboat in the Service is the lifeboat used in the harbour of Whitby.

One of the latest developments of lifeboats is of the Barnett type such as is used at Campbeltown, on the south-west corner of Scotland. She was built by Whites of Cowes in 1953. She is 52 ft. overall, 13 ft. 6 ins. beam, and has a 3-ton iron keel underneath her. Her two 60-h.p. Diesel engines swing two 30-in. diameter propellers with a 25½-in. pitch. These propellers are each enclosed in a separate tunnel to give protection against hitting wreckage, getting ropes entwined round th also to avoid cutting off a man's legs in the wa These propellers drive the boat along at a maxim of nine knots and give a range of 230 miles.

The boat itself is built, like all Royal National L boat Institution lifeboats, of the very best materials the finest workmanship.

The main keel and keelson is of teak. The timb (or ribs) are of laminated English oak. Fastened these timbers is the double diagonal mahogany plank The main deck beams are of English oak, and on th also is laid a double diagonal mahogany deck.

The deckhouse and hatches are a strong aluminu alloy. They must be strong to protect the engines the survivors from the heavy seas through which lifeboat is so often driven.

The lifeboat itself is subdivided by watertight bu heads, dividing the lifeboat into no less than nine wa tight compartments. Any spare space below deck entirely filled with buoyancy air-cases, numbering to provide sufficient buoyancy in the event of the un water body receiving damage. The most vulnera

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THE DESIGN OF BRITAIN'S LATEST LIFEBOATS

OUR TYPES OF LIFEBOATS AT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION REVIEW : The four lifeboats that were assembled at Spithead last June provided a good cross-section of the lifeboats then in service. They are, from right, the Margate lifeboat, a 45-ft. 6-in. Watson Cabin type ; the Campbeltown, 52-ft. Barnett type ; the Ramsgate, 48-ft. Ramsgate type ; and the Flamborough, which is one of the latest 35-ft. 6-in. Liverpool Twinscrew types. Both the Margate and the Ramsgate boats were at Dunkirk.

BOARD THE PENLEE LIFEBOAT : The crew, from Mousehole, Cornwall, at stations forward. The Penlee lifeboat is an older Watson Cabin type, and can carry a crew of eight. Though similar in design to the Barnett type, the Watson Cabin boat is smaller and has rather slower speeds.

PUTTING UP THE MAST BEFORE LAUNCHING : The Penlee lifeboat being manned on the slipway. The Watson Cabin-type boat is 46 ft. long and has a displacement of 20 tons. She has two 40-h.p. Diesel engines which, in a heavy head sea, give her a maximum speed of 8¼ knots. Like all modern lifeboats, she has a sealed engine-room.

E PENLEE LEAVING THE SLIPWAY : The lifeboat striking the water as she gets under way. The method of launching a lifeboat is determined by the type of foreshore. This may allow either a concrete slipway or it may require launching from a carriage by caterpillar tractor.

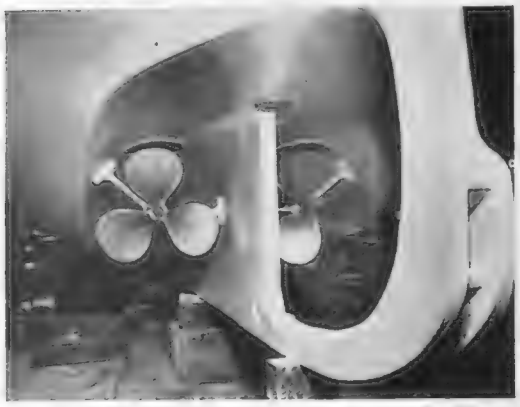
SOME OF THE CREW AT THEIR POSTS : These members of the crew are, from left, the coxswain, the second coxswain and the mechanic. The mechanic also carries out the duties of radio operator.

THE DESIGN OF BRITAIN'S LATEST LIFEBOATS

A SELF-RIGHTING LIFEBOAT UNDERGOING A TEST: This boat, which has just sprung upright, had been hove upside-down only twelve seconds previously. There are now only six self-righters in service. Their main disadvantages are the higher end boxes at bow and stern and the narrowness of the boats, which leaves them at the mercy of wind and weather, and makes them more prone to capsizing than ordinary lifeboats.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ARBROATH LIFEBOAT DISASTER: This chart traces the events last October, when the Arbroath lifeboat, after going out in rough seas to try to aid a vessel in distress, capsized very near home. The lifeboat was running north-west on her course home, with the wind and sea astern. When only a quarter-of-a-mile from the breakwater a great cross sea from the south-west struck her abeam and overwhelmed her. The stricken lifeboat was driven on the rocks to the south of the west breakwater. The only survivor, the second coxswain, was driven to the east pier, where he was rescued. A rocket line fired by a coastguard caught in his clothing, and he was pulled to safety. The body of the coxswain was found still lashed to the wheel.

A LIFEBOAT CREW AT STATIONS, READY TO MOVE OUT: The crew of the Penlee lifeboat just before they leave the boat-house. They are dressed in their oilers, and are wearing lifebelts. These volunteers are ready to put out in dangerous seas whenever their aid is needed by a vessel in distress. During the past twenty years the number of calls on the services of lifeboats has nearly doubled.



TWIN PROPELLERS PROTECTED BY SEPARATE TUNNELS: Each of these propellers is in a separate tunnel to give protection against any loose wreckage or the danger of getting ropes tied round them. This protection also prevents hitting men in the water. In the Barnett-type lifeboat each of the propellers is 30 ins. in diameter.

THE TWO PROPELLER TUNNELS COMPLETELY PLANKED: The protection of the propellers is finished, and the inner diagonal skin in mahogany is being fastened to the timbers above. Only the very best of wood is used in the construction of lifeboats to-day. The main keel is of teak, and the timbers are of laminated English oak.

THE SCARBOROUGH LIFEBOAT ON DUTY: The vessel is escorting a fishing-boat into harbour. A number of local fishing-vessels had got into difficulties in exceptionally heavy seas, and the local lifeboat went to their aid. This gave the people of Scarborough who had gathered on the promenade a rare opportunity of witnessing the work of their lifeboat.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

place of all is the bow and the first 8 ft. of this lifeboat is absolutely filled with air-cases.

The lifeboat is well equipped with gear to meet every emergency. There is an electric searchlight to floodlight the water. There is an oil spray to smooth breaking waves, to enable a dangerous and difficult operation to be carried out. A radio telephone and loud hailer are installed.

The deck cabin is provided with a pressure paraffin cooker, whilst the second cabin down below is ventilated by electric fans. In order to make contact by warps to a stricken vessel, a line-throwing pistol is used to fire a lifeline, to which is attached the heavier warp, which is then hauled across the seas between. All this is in addition to the normal equipment of anchor, capstans, winches, and the normal gear used at sea.

Although the 52-ft. Barnett-type lifeboat is taken as an illustration, there are six types of lifeboats, ranging from 52 ft. to 35 ft. 6 ins. in length. Some are designed as beach and others as self-righting boats. The smallest can rescue and carry 30 people and the largest 100 people in rough weather. All could carry far more in smooth waters.

So we see that the designers have given the lifeboat a great deal of thought, backed by 130 years of experience, to make her into a seaworthy vessel that is strong enough to endure the great seas of winter gales, and so be an inspiration to the lifeboatmen who take her out.

The lifeboatmen are brave and unselfish, and their nobility of character shines as brightly to-day as ever. They put to sea in these lifeboats, often at the height of heavy gales with thundering seas. These fearless men go out into danger, and it is their courage that supports them throughout. In a heavy winter gale danger is encountered with every sea and the lifeboat is meeting one, or more, of these every minute of every hour she is out. Often she is out for twelve or more hours on a mission. The courage of these lifeboatmen is not that called forth in a moment of excitement, but rather the steadfast, enduring courage which goes on facing innumerable dangers hour after hour—and continuing to do so year after year.

Every so often these lifeboatmen pay the supreme sacrifice, for, when the chance sea comes, against which all their courage, seamanship and skill is unavailing, their lifeboat and they are overwhelmed.

Such a disaster overtook the Arbroath lifeboat on October 27, 1953. She was running in true on her north-westerly course with leading lights in line, her drogue streamed astern and the sea running in fair behind her when, within approximately a quarter-of-a-mile of the breakwater, and on the two-fathom line, an exceptionally heavy cross-sea running from the south west struck her abeam and overwhelmed her. The capsized lifeboat drove on and came ashore on the rocks to the south of the west breakwater. Her entire crew were lost, with the exception of the second coxswain, who was driven in by the seas to the east pier, where he was rescued. The all-powerful sea had claimed still more seamen, because, against this chance cross-sea, all the designing skill and the seamanship of the lifeboatmen were of no avail.

Such disasters have occurred before and are bound to happen again, but the Royal National Lifeboat Institution will continue to search, design and improve the lifeboat. Lifeboatmen themselves will continue to volunteer to man them and, because of their high courage, will continue to match their seamanship against the all-powerful waves built up by the great winds of the earth.

HONG KONG'S WIRE CURTAIN

The Frontier Posts in the New Territories Where Communist China Comes Face to Face with the West

Hardly an hour's journey from Hong Kong is Communist China. Three points along the 17-mile frontier in the New Territories provide almost unique meeting-places between East and West. One of these crossing-points is the market town of Sha Tau Kok, on the coast; this is the only large town which is actually shared by Chinese on both sides of the barbed-wire curtain. Farther to the west is the frontier post on the Hong Kong to Canton road. This was once one of the busiest highways in China; to-day a mere trickle of lorries and people crosses the Bailey bridge which marks the boundary. A mile away, at the railway crossing at Lowu, there is greater activity. Here the trains from Canton and Shanghai unload large numbers of passengers who cross over into Hong Kong territory to trade. Many also are refugees, and Hong Kong's population is being steadily swollen by displaced men and women who seek refuge in the British territory.

These frontier crossings—and, indeed, the whole length of the border—is constantly guarded by British troops and Hong Kong police on the one side and by Chinese soldiers on the other. It is a routine task, made none the easier by the underlying animosity between the two sides. Incidents do occur, but they are exceptional. Both sides seem content to maintain vigilance and preparedness. Their task is to man the barbed-wire defences, and this wire curtain, though it can be penetrated at three points, nevertheless seals effectively Communist China from British territory.

WHERE 600 PEOPLE CROSS FROM RED CHINA EACH DAY: The railway crossing-point at Lowu, one of the three boundary crossing-points between Communist China and the New Territories of Hong Kong. The barbed-wire barriers are manned by Chinese soldiers and members of the Hong Kong police force. Every day about 600 people cross into the New Territories from Red China, many arriving by train from Canton.

THE GREAT WIRE FENCE THAT DIVIDES BRITISH TERRITORY FROM RED CHINA: This 6-ft.-high fence stretches for 17 miles from one end of the Hong Kong peninsula to the other. *On left*—A Hong Kong policeman watches the winding road on the Chinese side of this wire barrier.

A FRONTIER POST WITH A VIEW: A Hong Kong policeman looking out over Red China territory from one of the frontier forts. These stand on high hills about a mile apart, and are manned by sections of nine policemen. They are nicknamed "Mackintosh's cathedrals" after the Hong Kong Police Commissioner who designed them.

A BAILEY BRIDGE SPANS TWO WORLDS ON THE HONG KONG–CANTON ROAD: The crossing-point at Man Kam, on what was once one of the busiest roads in China. Now traffic is confined to a few lorries a day. The frontier area in the New Territories, guarded by British troops and Hong Kong police, is less than an hour away from Hong Kong, and two hours from Canton.

SNOW ON MILAN'S PIAZZA DUOMO: Several inches cover Milan's famous cathedral square after the exceptionally heavy snowstorms which hit Northern and Central Italy. Traffic between Rome and the north was halted and the temperature in Milan fell to 9 degs. below freezing-point.

THE COMING OF WINTER

Gales, Blizzards, Floods and Avalanches Shock Europe After its Warm Spell

CLEARING A WAY: A tractor fitted with a snowplough is called clear Milan's Piazza Duomo, where snow was a foot deep. snowfall in Northern Italy was the heaviest recorded for sixteen

A COUNTRY PRIEST GETS HIS SKIS OUT: His parish is in the Central Apennines, where many villagers were completely cut off by snow in one of Italy's worst blizzards. Later, the snow reached Southern Italy.

For most of December, spring were in bloom in English and blackbirds were singing in In Austria and Italy the green Alpine slopes were unseasonably with flowers; thwarted skiers for snow. This month they Northern Italy last week had its snowfall since 1928; roads and were blocked in places by m 2 ft. of snow and avalanche reported from the Alpine vall Austria, some 126 persons were while ski-ing in the Vienna and thirty-five of them were hospital. The upper reaches Danube were completely iced

As if to make up for its ea ness, winter roared into Eur a special violence. In Trieste a 90-m.p.h. gale overturned a crane. A gale of near hurrica hit the Baltic coast, whipping up to dangerous levels; at K water rose 6 ft., the highest s 1902, and flooded roads and along the shores of creeks and And in England there we warnings on the East Coast and falls in many parts of the

THE MULE IS DUG OUT: This boy from Castelluccio, in the Central Apennines, leads out his startled mule to see the snow which practically buried his village. The villagers had to work for several days before they could dig a way to the outside world and get food and assistance.

VILLAGERS OF CASTELLUCCIO, ITALY, SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF S The village was completely cut off for ten days. In Italy's snowstorm for years, eleven people are believed to hav

A HURRICANE HITS THE BALTIC : Across Kiel Bay blizzards howled from the north-east, piling water 6 ft. above the normal level. In the background are ships which sought shelter in the former great naval base.

FLOODING IN KIEL HARBOUR : There were severe floods in Kiel after a north-east gale had swept the Baltic coast. Awash in the picture above are some buildings of the Kiel Yacht Club. At Flensburg, the road to Denmark was under water and closed to traffic ; some of the inhabitants could reach their homes only by boat. At several points along the Schleswig-Holstein coast thousands of sandbags were used in attempts to keep the sea out. The Baltic island of Hiddensee, near Ruegen, was partly submerged by high seas ; fortunately, the inhabitants and their cattle had been evacuated previously. Throughout Germany, winter arrived with sudden severity. In the Harz there was a fall of 15 ins. of snow ; in the Black Forest 19 ins., and on the Zugspitze 30 ins. The gales held up shipping in the English Channel and North Sea ; one ship, the Greek tanker *Leros*, went aground off the island of Scharnhörn, in the Elbe estuary, and was badly battered, the crew being taken off by lifeboat.

On left—

THE FIRST SNOW IN BERLIN : In this snow scene of the Kurfuerstendamm the Memorial Church is shrouded in the background. Berlin's cold weather is usually blown to there straight from the frozen central steppes of Russia.

HE DROWNED DANISH ISLAND OF SALTHOLM : The storm which swept the Baltic also did great damage in Denmark. This aerial photograph shows a farm isolated in flooded pastures. A great deal of livestock was lost.

ALDEBURGH PREPARES AGAINST THE SEA : Flood warnings were issued at several east coast towns as gales and spring tides threatened to repeat the serious floods of last February. Here bulldozers on the beach at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, are reclaiming shingle and piling it up to strengthen the sea defences.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA AND INTIMATE REVUE

A Question of Fact, at the Piccadilly Theatre; *At the Lyric*, at Hammersmith; *The Big Knife*, at the Duke of York's

UNITED IN ADVERSITY: Paul Scofield reassures Pamela Brown in a scene from Wynyard Browne's play, *A Question of Fact*, at the Piccadilly Theatre. The problem of his heredity casts a shadow on the happiness of the master and his young wife.

PROBLEM FOR A SCHOOLMASTER: His wife asks the harassed form-master if he will accept a promotion offered to him. Left to right are Mary Hinton, Henry Hewitt, Pamela Brown and Paul Scofield. The central character is Paul Gardiner (Paul Scofield), a young public schoolmaster who has just married, and learns that his father was hanged for murder. He has a genuine vocation for teaching and knows that a teacher's character can have an enormous influence on his boys. Should they be entrusted to such a man as he might turn out to be? Wynyard Browne treats this dilemma with great skill and Paul Scofield projects it with an equal skill. After inquiry has established the brutality of the murder, the schoolmaster's mother (Gladys Cooper) turns up. She is not the drab that everyone expects, but a smart and well-to-do buyer in a big Oxford Street store. Charming and self-possessed, she reveals the human qualities of the hanged father and resolves the schoolmaster's dilemma by showing that he has inherited what, given a grain of charity, was really a good character.

AFTER THE DENOUEMENT: The wife turns against the mother in condemnation of the mother's solution to her son's dilemma. The mother (Gladys Cooper) does not appear until late in the play. At first her approach to the problem misfires.

On right—

All the material in this revue, with the exception of four lyrics by Paul Dehn, is by Alan Melville, and a bright and varied production it is. The company is boisterously led by Dora Bryan and Hermione Baddeley, with some particularly able support from Ian Carmichael, Myles Eason and Eric Berry. Alan Melville is a specialist in the unkind cut; Myles Eason does a sketch of a big-game hunter whose bag of heads includes that of his wife; and Rachel Roberts and Shirley Eaton make fun of the mountaineers whose holidays are happily recalled by memories of sudden deaths and broken bones.

A VERSATILE TRIO: Dora Bryan, Hermione Baddeley and Ian Carmichael in the revue, *At the Lyric*, by Alan Melville and Kenneth Leslie-Smith, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

DRAMA IN HOLLYWOOD: The film tycoon tries to induce his star player to accept a seven-figure contract in Clifford Odets' play, *The Big Knife*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. Left to right are Meier Tzelniker, Frederick Valk (seated), George Coulouris and Sam Wanamaker. *The Big Knife* deals viciously with the problem of a Hollywood film star blackmailed into selling his life to a film company. Charles Castle (Sam Wanamaker, who also produced the play) has been made into a great and valuable star by Marcus Hoff (Frederick Valk). His domestic life is on the rocks because of the stresses of high living in the film capital; and he hankers for a return to the stage, where he can choose parts worthy of his acting ability. He is tied to the Hollywood machine because, a year before, he had killed a child while driving a car under the influence of drink. The studio arranged that his publicity man should "stand in" for him and serve the sentence for his crime. When the curtain rises, Castle is already torn with remorse, disgusted with himself and the life he leads, drinking too much and suffering the contempt of his wife (played by Renée Asherson). He has avoided signing a fourteen-year contract with the producer, Hoff, who does not hesitate to apply the most ruthless pressure.

CARDS FOR FOUR: Myles Eason, Hermione Baddeley, Eric Berry and Dora Bryan play "Mexican Canasta." A sketch from *At the Lyric*, which is devised, directed and dressed by William Chappell.

"LE COQ D'OR" AT COVENT GARDEN

Rimsky-Korsakov's Opera is Produced at the Royal Opera House for the First Time Since 1919

Nearly thirty years after Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or* first startled London, the opera has been given its first Covent Garden production since 1919. This is in the hands of Robert Helpmann, whose other opera production was *Madam Butterfly* in 1950. *Le Coq d'Or* is in fact a combined opera and ballet. Described as a fairy-tale with a moral, it constitutes a satire and mockery of the great. The designer of the present production is Loudon Sainthill, and his sumptuous settings match the luxuriousness of the opera. The cast includes Hugues Cuenod, who sings the part of the Astrologer. He has come from La Scala, Milan, and is making his first appearance at Covent Garden. Another first appearance is that of Mattiwilda Dobbs, an American who sings the part of the Queen of Shemakhan. Howell Glynne, Frederick Dalberg, Geraint Evans, Barbara Howitt, John Lanigan and Arda Mandikian are also appearing. The Covent Garden Orchestra is conducted by Igor Markevitch, who is also making a first appearance at the Royal Opera House.

THE FINAL SCENE OF "LE COQ D'OR" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: On the right of the stage are the Astrologer (Hugues Cuenod), the Queen of Shemakhan (Mattiwilda Dobbs) and King Dodon (Howell Glynne). In this scene the Astrologer demands the foreign Queen, whom the King wishes to marry, in payment for the Golden Cockerel which the King had received from the Astrologer, and which had given him warning of danger.

THE KING COMPLAINS TO HIS COUNSELLORS: King Dodon bemoans his bad luck, while General Polkan (Frederick Dalberg) stands with his back turned, on right. Shortly afterwards the Astrologer appears and offers his golden cockerel.

LOUDON SAINTHILL'S SETTINGS: This production of *Le Coq d'Or*, which is an opera with ballet, is by Robert Helpmann. Loudon Sainthill is in charge of the design.

On left—
A COLOURFUL PROCESSION: The Queen of Shemakhan and King Dodon about to depart for the King's palace at the end of the second act.

On right—
TWO OF THE LEADING SINGERS: Mattiwilda Dobbs, the Queen, and Howell Glynne as the King, at Covent Garden. This is Mattiwilda Dobbs's first appearance in this country. She was born at Atlanta, Georgia. Another first appearance at Covent Garden in this opera is that of Hugues Cuenod, from La Scala, Milan. He sings in the part of the Astrologer.

THE "BRITISH SAILOR" COMPLETES HER FIRST RETURN VOYAGE BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND KUWAIT: The 32,000-ton tanker is seen entering the Medway, b Anglo-Iranian's oil refinery on the Isle of Grain. She was the largest tanker ever to enter the Medway and carried with her over 29,000 tons of crude oil. tanker is the first of thirteen similar ships that have been specially ordered to keep the many oil refineries, now being built in Britain, supplied with cru

THE LARGEST POWER CRANE TO BE ERECTED IN LONDON BEING ASSEMBLED NEAR HOLBORN VIADUCT: This crane, which belongs to John Mowlem and Co., is 170 ft. in height and will lift loads from 2 to 6 tons. It is to be used on the building site to the west of Atlantic House, where Mowlem and Co. are building a large block of offices for the Diamond Corporation.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOME FLEET ON BOARD H.M.S. "VANGUARD": Admiral Sir Michael Denny is seen inspecting Royal Marines when he arrived on board the battleship to take over his new command. He succeeds Admiral Sir George Creasy.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURE

RECENT NEW PICTURES O EVENTS IN MANY PART OF ENGLAN

THE FUNERAL OF VISCOUNT NORWICH AT BELVOIR CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE OF RUTLAND: The coffin being lowered into the grave while snow was falling. St fourth from the left of the group of mourners is the second Viscount Norwich (fo the Hon. J. J. Cooper), and on his left is his wife. The Duke of Rutland may be seen st in front of the group on the extreme right of this picture. Among the many floral t was one from Downing Street inscribed: "In inspiring remembrance from W and Clemmie." The Duke of Rutland is the nephew of the first Viscountess N

THE OVERTURNED TAIL SECTION OF THE R.A.F. VALETTA THAT CRASHED LAST WEEK IN HERTFORDSHIRE: The aircraft crashed into the side of a hill during a snowstorm soon after leaving the aerodrome at Halton and sixteen of the occupants were killed. There was one survivor.

RESCUE WORKERS STANDING IN THE SNOW BY THE MANGLED REMAINS OF PART OF THE FUSELAGE OF THE VALETTA: The crash occurred on a wooded slope in Ashridge National Trust Estate at about six o'clock in the evening, and rescue workers, who were greatly hampered by the snowstorm, worked all night by the light of vehicle head-lamps, extricating the bodies. Most of the crew were members of an R.A.F. rugby team which had played a match at Halton. Both the engines of the aircraft were torn off by the force of the crash, and part of the fuselage ploughed along the ground for 100 yards, scattering bodies and debris in its wake. Before crashing, the Valetta narrowly missed a small cottage. During the war, a Flying Fortress bomber crashed near the same place.

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, THE INTERNATIONAL HEAD OF THE SALVATION ARMY, IS TO RETIRE: The General is seen with his wife during a Press conference at which he announced his intention of retiring. He was elected to his present post in 1946, and when he retires on June 30 he will have completed forty-eight years as an officer. His successor is to be appointed by the High Council in April. General Orsborn has said that he is retiring because he believes that he should make way for a younger man, and because he believes that Salvation Army generals should be in office for no more than ten years.

THE FIRE THAT BROKE OUT FOLLOWING ONE OF A SERIES OF UNDERGROUND EXPLOSIONS IN THE EAST END OF LONDON LAST WEEK: Post Office officials are seen as they watch smouldering cables, while firemen stand by ready to deal with any fresh outbreak. The explosions, which occurred in the Whitechapel Road area, were caused by electrical faults, and the force of one of the explosions blew the windows out of a near-by shop.

EPIPHANY GIFT FOR A LONDON CHILD: The Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. W. R. Matthews, hands a present to five-year-old Pat Hayden, of Islington, N., during a ceremony at the Cathedral. She was one of many London children who received presents from the big tree which has stood inside St. Paul's Cathedral throughout the Christmas season.

PACKING HIGH-GRADE ENGLISH DESSERT APPLES AT A GRADING STATION IN ESSEX: This station at Witham is believed to be the second largest in Britain. Because of a Government scheme in 1947 to extend by 10,000 acres the ground devoted to the dessert variety of apple, growers are somewhat apprehensive as to the future of their industry. New trees planted during 1947 will soon be yielding fruit, and the growers are doubtful whether the home market will be able to absorb the quantity that will be produced.

THE MEET HELD BY THE DARTMOOR FOXHOUNDS FOR THE DARTMOOR PONY CLUB: The hunt seen at Ringmoor Cot, near Yelverton, Devonshire. This meet, which was held especially for the children of the Dartmoor Pony Club, was attended by over forty children, who enjoyed a good day's hunting. The Dartmoor Pony Club is a branch of the Pony Club of Great Britain, an organisation that is enjoying increasing popularity. For a payment of 5s. a year the children may learn to ride, and once a year attend the hunt held for them. Before the hunt starts, the Hunt Master usually gives a short talk on the art of hunting.

THE PONY CLUB MEET ON DARTMOOR

Pictures of the Special Meet Held Annually for the Children of the Dartmoor Pony Club

MEMBERS OF THE DARTMOOR PONY CLUB ARRIVING AT THE MEET HELD AMID THE ROLLING DEVON HILLS: The membership of the club is now over 100, and more children are joining every year.

SOME OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED THE HUNT: At the roadside, from left to right, are Pauline Palmer, Gillian Fearn, Victoria Bull and Victoria Weldon, all of them members of the club.

THE MEET MOVES OFF: Some of the forty young riders who attended seen at the start of the hunt. This countryside is good for hunting, and the walls and other obstacles encountered provide excellent jumping practice for the children.

FORDING A STREAM IN THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTY OF DEVON: This is typical of the many obstacles encountered in the countryside where the hunt was held. The hunt takes place each year during the school Christmas holidays and is very popular with the children.

THE TWO DISTILLATION UNITS WHICH HAVE BEEN HALF-COMPLETED : A general view of the first two units under construction at the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's new refinery in Aden. Each of these distillation plants, which are now finished, will eventually be capable of handling 60,000 barrels of crude oil a day. Work on the Aden refinery has been going on since November 1952, and it is anticipated that by the end of the year production will have begun.

THE ADEN OIL REFINERY TAKES SHAPE

The Construction of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's Great New Project is Now Reaching Its Peak

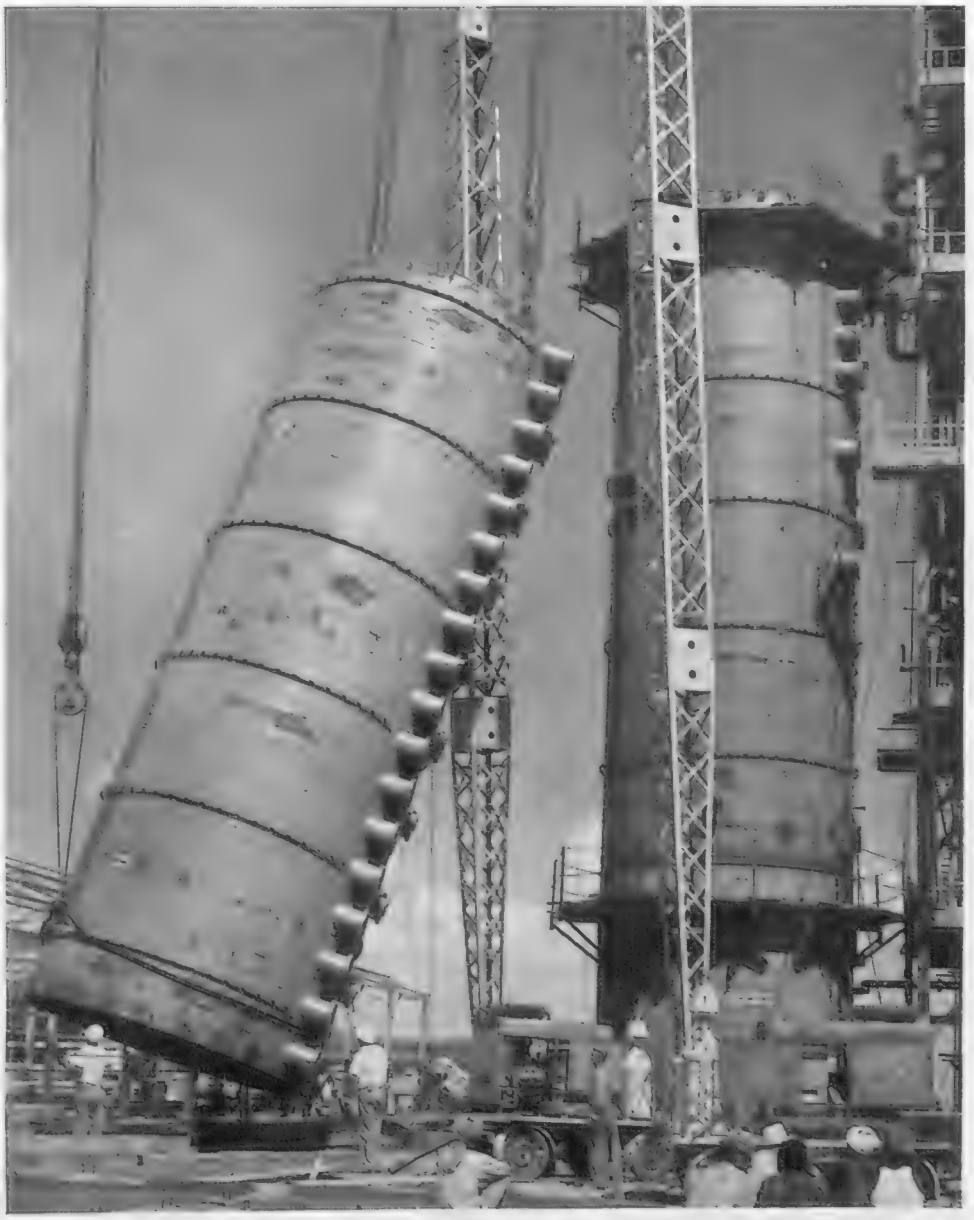
The building of one of the largest oil refineries in the British Commonwealth is now past the half-way stage, and during the present month is reaching its peak period. 2,500 British, American and European workers are on the site at Little Aden, together with some 500 Indians and 10,500 labourers, most of whom have been recruited locally. By the end of this year the Anglo-Iranian oil refinery should be completed, and by then the cost of construction will have been about £45,000,000.

The scale of this enterprise is justified by the strategic position which Aden holds in the world of shipping. As the half-way house on the sea-route between Europe and East Africa, the Middle East and the Far East, and India and Australia, the British port has for long been one of the busiest in the world. More than 4,500 ships call there each year, and the oil-fuel supply to vessels both in transit and trans-shipping goods for smaller Red Sea and East African ports is consequently enormous. In 1919 Anglo-Iranian, through B.P. (Aden), opened a bunkering depot there. Now new demands have caused the company to expand considerably.

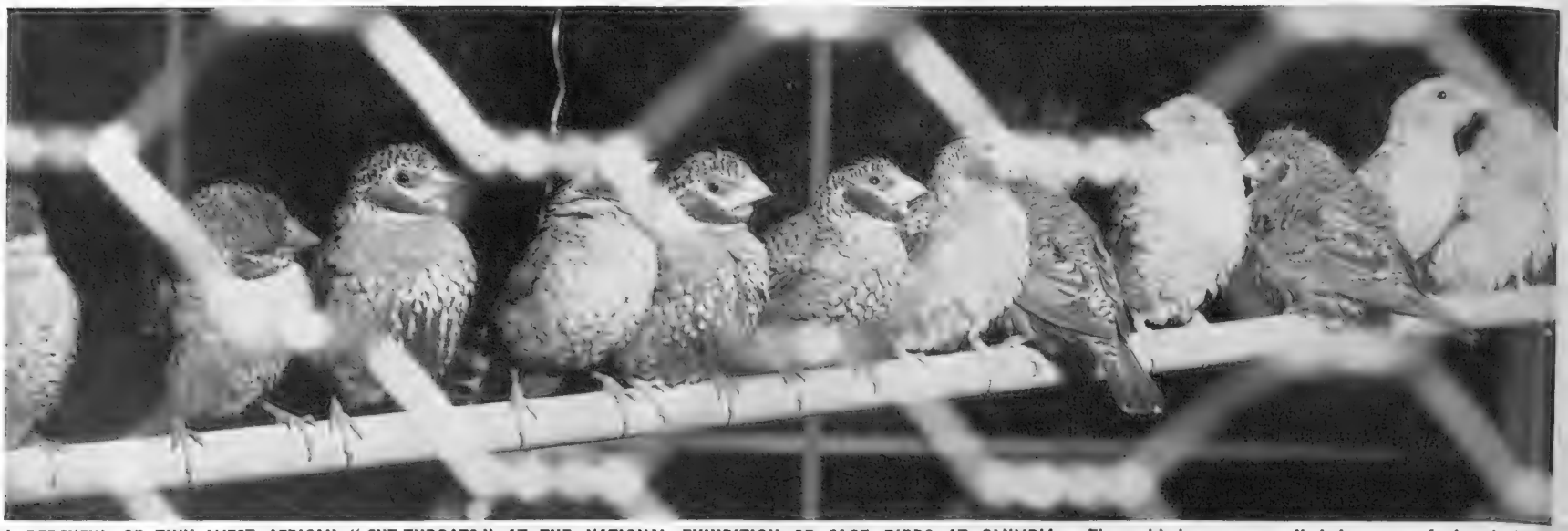
The new refinery will have an annual capacity of 5,000,000 tons of crude oil, and of this some 60 per cent. will become marine bunker oil for supply to the ships' bunkers in the port. The other refinery products will be motor gasoline, aviation turbine fuels and burning kerosene, gas oil and power kerosene. It is an output that will influence appreciably the importance and the prosperity of the port of Aden.

DIGGING DEEP INTO ADEN'S ROCKY EARTH : Excavation in progress for laying water pipe-lines to the refinery. Through these over 4,000,000 gallons of sea water an hour will be pumped for cooling purposes. As the construction of the refinery reaches its peak this month, over 13,000 workers are being employed on the site.

PART OF THE NINETEEN MILES OF PIPE-LINE WHICH WILL CARRY THE REFINED OIL : A section of one of the 80-ft.-wide pipe-tracks which will join the refinery to tankers in the B.P. International Oil Bunkering installation, one of the largest in the world.



PART OF A DISTILLATION TOWER IS PLACED INTO POSITION : A 40-ton centre section of one of the two crude oil distillation towers being lifted into position. Each of these towers is 140 ft. high and weighs 130 tons. They were prefabricated in France and then shipped to Aden to be lifted into place one section at a time. By this means the construction of the distillation towers was made possible in seven weeks, compared with the seven months it would have taken if the towers had had to be welded together on the site.



A PERCHFUL OF TINY WEST AFRICAN "CUT-THROATS" AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CAGE BIRDS AT OLYMPIA: These birds are so called because of the dark-red patch of plumage below their beaks, and they were some of the 8,358 exhibits at the show, which was open to an exceptionally good attendance for three days last week. There are now over 1,000 cage-bird societies in the United Kingdom, and because the National Exhibition has become so popular, there were 352 different types of birds exhibited—the greatest number ever to be included in a single show. Canaries and budgerigars predominated among the various entries.

THE JUDGES AT WORK AT THE EXHIBITION HELD IN THE NATIONAL HALL, OLYMPIA: Mr. W. A. Knight, of Cambridge, judging Border Canaries at the Tenth National Exhibition of Cage Birds. Because of the record entry the adjudicators found their task a difficult one.

CAGE BIRDS at OLYMPIA

Some of the Many Varieties of Colourful Birds Shown at the National Exhibition of Cage Birds

A PRIZE-WINNING CANARY: This Yorkshire Canary buff hen, owned by Mr. E. A. Lacey, of High Wycombe, Bucks, was awarded the first prize in its class. It was also champion old bird.

LOVEBIRDS BEHIND BARS: A pair of Peach-Faced Lovebirds entered by Mrs. E. H. Wyles, of Bushey, in Hertfordshire, which were awarded a first prize. The foreign and talking-bird section attracted much attention.

ANOTHER WINNER IN THE FOREIGN-BIRD SECTION: The plum-head parakeet owned by Mr. R. Sawyer, of London, looks wistfully out of its cage.

THE CANARY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP: A Corona cock in the Gloster Fancy Canaries section, which was awarded the first prize in its class.

AN EXOTIC VISITOR FROM A FOREIGN LAND: The Golden-Mantled Rosella, owned by Mr. G. M. Baker, from Christchurch, Hants. This multi-coloured beauty, which won a first prize in its class, is quite expensive and is priced at £250.

TWO CORNISH PROPERTIES FOR THE NATION

A Headland near Tintagel and a House near Bodmin Pass into the Keeping of the National Trust

A CORNISH TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING, AND TO MARK THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II: Penhallick Point, Tintagel, which has been given to the National Trust by Mr. W. Boney. This is the view looking westwards over Penhallick Point, in the foreground, towards Trebarwith Strand. Standing in the bay is Gull Rock.

The first of two Cornish properties handed over to the National Trust this week was the headland of Penhallick Point, situated along the north coast of the county, not far from Tintagel. It was the gift of Mr. W. Boney, who presented it to the nation in tribute to the memory of King George VI, and to mark the accession of Queen Elizabeth II.

This bold headland, of about 15 acres, lies to the south of the cliff property at Tintagel, which the Trust has owned for many years, and from it there are magnificent views seawards and to the south along the whole length of Trebarwith Strand, the tiny hamlet renowned for its fine sands, caves and precipitous headlands. In the past, roofing slates and building stone were quarried at Penhallick, and loaded direct into ships which anchored under the cliff face. The old workings and loading platform connected with this hazardous operation can still be seen

THE BOLD HEADLAND AT PENHALLICK POINT: There is public access to the headland by way of the coastal footpath from Tintagel or Trebarwith, two celebrated holiday spots situated along the north Cornish coast.

LANHYDROCK HOUSE, NEAR BODMIN, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATION BY VISCOUNT CLIFDEN: This view of the house, with the seventeenth-century gatehouse on the left, was taken from the adjoining park. Lord Clifden will continue to live in the house.

THE CELEBRATED GALLERY IN THE NORTH WING, WHICH ESCAPED DAMAGE DURING THE FIRE IN 1881: 116 ft. in length, it has a superb barrel ceiling covered with plasterwork in high relief representing many incidents in the Old Testament, from the Creation to the burial of Isaac.

THE MAIN EAST FRONT OF LANHYDROCK HOUSE: Begun in 1635 by Richard, 1st Lord Robartes of Truro, and completed in 1642, the house was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the night of April 4, 1881. In the rebuilding plan the architects followed the original layout of the house. The formal garden with yew trees was laid out in 1857.

Lanhydrock House, near Bodmin, together with 366 acres of park and woodlands, was handed over to the National Trust on Thursday by Viscount Clifden. The house, begun in 1635 by his ancestor, Richard, 1st Lord Robartes of Truro, and completed in 1642, was severely damaged by fire in 1881, and rebuilt; but the north wing containing the fine gallery escaped damage. The latter, 116 ft. in length, has a magnificent plaster ceiling depicting scenes from the Old Testament, and believed to have been the work of Italian craftsmen shortly before the mid-seventeenth century. Over each mantelpiece and doorway are further representations of biblical scenes.

John, 2nd Lord Robartes, afterwards 1st Earl of Radnor of the first creation, held the house for Parliament during the Civil War, but lost it to Sir Richard Grenville, who occupied it on behalf of King Charles. Following a period of sequestration, John regained Lanhydrock during the Commonwealth, planted the Sycamore Avenue, and later built the Gatehouse. Despite his adherence to Cromwell, he soon won favour with the new king, retained his property and added to his titles.

Lord Clifden, who has also provided a generous endowment, will continue to live at Lanhydrock, but the gallery will be open to visitors on Wednesdays and Saturdays between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. from April 1 to September 30. The gardens, said to be at their best in May, will be open at the same time. In addition there is a heavily timbered park.

NEW YEAR SPECULATIONS

How the Year 1954 is Likely to Affect the Pocket of Motorists; An Air-Sea "Fare War"; and Other Motoring News

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I WONDER what the New Year has in store for British motorists? Abolition of purchase tax on cars? A 50 per cent. cut in the petrol tax, now 2s. 6d. a gallon? The start of a bold five-year plan to modernise our roads?

What a prospect! And what a hope! We are much more likely to have to go on paying £1,000,000 a day, in various forms of tax and duty, for the privilege of using roads that are inadequate, dangerous and congested.

The Autocar hits the nail on the head when it says in an editorial article: "If this country permits its road transport system to grind slowly to a standstill, the handicap imposed thereby will be sufficient to price its products out of international markets—a snowball process which it will be impossible to arrest once impetus has been gained."

On the technical side, 1954 is not expected to produce any startling developments, but we shall probably see extended use of plastics in the manufacture of car bodies, particularly for sports cars; increasing popularity of Diesel-engined cars; and a wider application of the automatic gearbox, which may even give "two-pedal" control—as an optional extra—on medium-priced cars.

We may hear more, too, about the development of turbine engines for cars. Indeed, it would not be surprising if British turbo-cars took part in motor racing for the first time in the year that lies ahead.

I think we can count on further reductions in the basic price of British cars, whatever happens about purchase tax, and by the middle of the summer, at the latest, it should be possible to get immediate delivery of almost any make of car.

"If taxation can be reduced, along with initial prices and running costs," says Mr. Stuart Malcolm, President of the Motor Agents' Association, in a New Year message, "there is no reason why almost every household should not have a car.

"That is our aim, and I believe that in 1954 we shall find many more new and used cars will be within the reach of people who have not been able to afford a car of their own during the last fourteen years."

Meanwhile, the prices of used cars seem to have dropped as far as they are likely to for some time. That, at any rate, is the opinion of Mr. David Wickins, one of Britain's leading car auction experts. "Prices have gone right down," he told me recently, "and they are going to stay there. There's little chance of their going up in the spring."

I met Mr. Wickins at a party he gave at Alexandra Palace just before his last car auction of 1953. "We are celebrating the fact," he said, "that during the year just ending, the total number of cars we have offered by auction since we started Southern Counties Car Auctions, Ltd., eight years ago, passed the 100,000 mark. And the total value of the cars we have actually sold has passed the £9,000,000 mark."

Mr. Wickins' firm conducts a car auction three times a week: at Chichester on Tuesdays, at Farnborough on Wednesdays and at Alexandra Palace on Thursdays. They are averaging 450 cars a week at the three places.

I suppose we can almost call it a "fare war" between the Channel boats and Silver City Airways. And a good thing too. It has been far too expensive to take a car over to the Continent. And there seemed little hope of any reductions in the charges made by British Railways—until Silver City came along and scooped so much cream off the car-ferry business that the railway people realised they would have to do something about it. That is how it looks to me, anyway.

Here are the latest developments in this healthy sea-air rivalry: British Railways and Townsend Ferries—the independent company operating from Dover—announced cuts which make it possible to take a small car with a wheel-base not exceeding 7 ft. over to the Continent for £4.

In this category come such cars as the Austin Seven, Standard Eight, Triumph Mayflower and Fiat 500. The Morris Minor misses the £4 ticket by a couple of inches! Incidentally, it is not generally realised that while the sea ferry services base their car charges on wheelbase, Silver City go by overall length. Which makes direct comparison between sea and air charges a little tricky.

The sea ferry reductions were quickly followed by further Silver City cuts—the seventh in six years. In 1952 it cost £16 to fly a Morris Minor to France. Now you can do it for £6 1s. 6d.! That will be the mid-week fare for a car of that size on a new service which Silver City are opening between Lympne and Calais on April 15

To encourage motorists to take their cars over the Channel in mid-week and so reduce week-end congestion, Silver City are offering a 10 per cent. discount on car charges—not on passenger fares, though—on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, on all the five services they will be running from April 15.

Still taking the Morris Minor as an example, it will be possible for two people to go with one of these cars to Calais and back by Silver City for a total of £21 3s., including automatic insurance cover. By sea, between Dover and Calais, it would cost £19—or £17 if the car owner chose not to take out the optional insurance, which costs £1 each way. The comparative single passenger fares are: by sea £1 14s. 3d.; by air, £2 5s.

Air Commodore Griffith Powell managing director of Silver City, tells me he is planning to bring Ferryfield—the new airport he is having built near Dungeness—into use on June 1. From that date the Le Touquet service will be run from Ferryfield, but the Calais service will still operate from Lympne, which Silver City hope to continue to use as a summer "satellite" of their main base at Ferryfield.

Winking direction indicators are now legal in Britain. You can now use a flashing amber light on both sides of your car, visible from front and rear; or you can have four flashing lamps, one at each "corner." If they are separate they must be amber. If they are "incorporated" in your ordinary front side lamps or rear red lights, the lamps must be adapted to give intermittent flashes of a greater brilliance than normal.

This is the system—using existing lamps—which I think will be most widely adopted by the British motor industry. The Ford Motor Company have plumped for it, and were turning out all their cars so fitted—except for the inexpensive "Popular"—long before the Ministry of Transport announced the date on which winking indicators became legal.

You may still, of course, use the waggling, semaphore-type trafficators which for nearly twenty years have been the only legal system of direction indication, apart from hand signals. They may show either a constant or flashing amber light.

THE SPHERE readers would, I am sure, wish to join me in expressing to Mr. W. V. Gibson—"Gibson of the A.A."—the hope that he will have a long and happy retirement, with the good health without which this would not be possible.

"Gibby," who is sixty-nine, joined the staff of the old Motor Union when it was formed in 1905, and remained with the new body when it was merged with the Automobile Association—then five years old—in 1910. He has been secretary of the A.A. since 1948, and has seen its membership grow to a figure of 1,340,000. That makes it the biggest organisation of its kind in the world.

Good luck to Mr. Kenneth Kelly who, at the age of forty, succeeds Mr. Gibson after being his deputy for some time.

Failure of moving parts in engines was responsible for more than a quarter of the vehicle breakdowns dealt with by the Automobile Association in the twelve months up to the beginning of November. This, at any rate, is suggested by an analysis of more than 20,000 of the 130,000 cases of roadside assistance given by the A.A. in that period.

Ignition troubles came next on the black list with a percentage of 14.5, followed by transmission failure (13.5 per cent.). Tyres caused 8.5 per cent. of the breakdowns and flat batteries 8 per cent. Three and a half motorists out of every 100 ran out of fuel!

What do *you* think of the idea of toll roads, bridges and tunnels? Do you think that with motorists forking out some £365,000,000 a year in various forms of taxation they should be expected to pay still further for the privilege of using a modern road which it was the Government's duty to provide years ago?

The matter was raised again in the Commons the other day, when the Minister of Transport threw out a broad hint—I am now quoting a Press report on the matter—"that it might eventually be necessary to revert to toll roads and bridges to obtain sufficient funds for road maintenance and improvements."

The Minister mentioned that three toll projects already existed under statutes: the Mersey Tunnel, the Dartford-Purfleet Tunnel and the Forth Bridge

It doesn't seem long ago that motorists as a body were celebrating the abolition of the vast majority of Britain's anachronistic toll bridges and roads, yet here, it seems, we go again! If the Government cannot find enough money to provide an adequate road system out of the Motorists' Millions, let them raise a public loan, as the motoring organisations have strongly advised, and give posterity the privilege of helping to pay for the roads they will expect to inherit

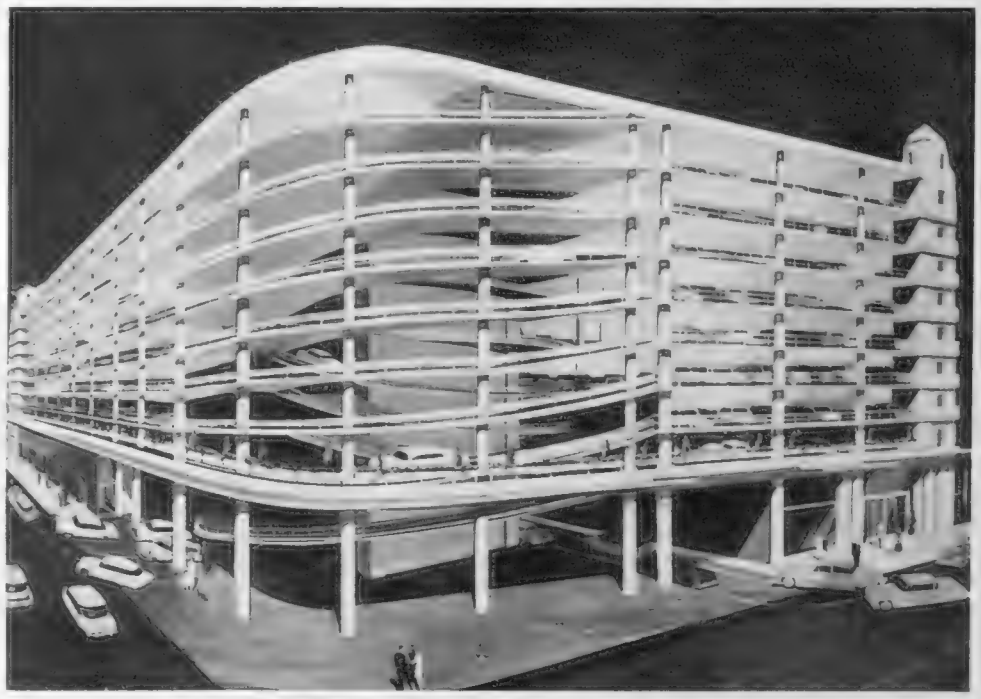
Two good books on motor-racing have come out recently. One of them—*The John Cobb Story* (Foulis and Co. 12s. 6d.)—has already earned for its author, Sammy Davis, the Pemberton Memorial Trophy of the Guild of Motoring Writers.

In this book Mr. Davis, in his usual racy, conversational style, traces the remarkable racing and record-breaking career of the late John Cobb from the time he used to cycle to the Brooklands track as a small boy to watch the cars go by to the tragic moment of his death on Loch Ness in 1952.

Mr. Davis comes as close as any man has yet succeeded in doing, to giving an authentic insight into the character and personality of the big-built, kindly, brave, taciturn and enigmatic John Cobb, whose world land-speed record of 393.82 m.p.h. still stands, and who was the only man to have exceeded 400 m.p.h. on land and 200 m.p.h. on water.

Also worth a place on anyone's bookshelves, even if he is not particularly interested in motor-racing, is Robert Raymond's *Stirling Moss* (Motor Racing Publications, Ltd. 15s.).

This is the life-story of one of Britain's really great racing drivers, thrice national champion, of whom it can truly be said that up to now he has never had a full-size Grand Prix car worthy of his skill. This well-written book of Robert Raymond paints a fascinating background to Moss's recent decision to drive an Italian Maserati in the coming season.



A MULTI-STOREY CAR-PARK IS PLANNED FOR SAN FRANCISCO: This is an architect's drawing of what is to be known as the Downtown Parking Centre. It will be situated at the corner of Mason Street and O'Farrell Street and will accommodate 6,400 cars. The spiral "staircase" entrance leading to the various floors is seen on the left of the building. To be erected by a private company, the car-park is expected to be completed by the end of 1954. The parking area is 417,000 ft., and the building has been designed for rapid parking.

A CAR WRAPPED ROUND A POLE IN THE UNITED STATES: The driver of this car, Mr. S. Camosse, of Worcester, Mass., escaped with only a few scratches when the car, which was owned by his employer, skidded on the road and overturned by the pole. The accident occurred only a few days after Camosse had been awarded a safe-driving prize by the firm for which he works.

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Higson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "AH, HA! KNOCKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS!" *Keeper.* "YES, SIR, THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES!"

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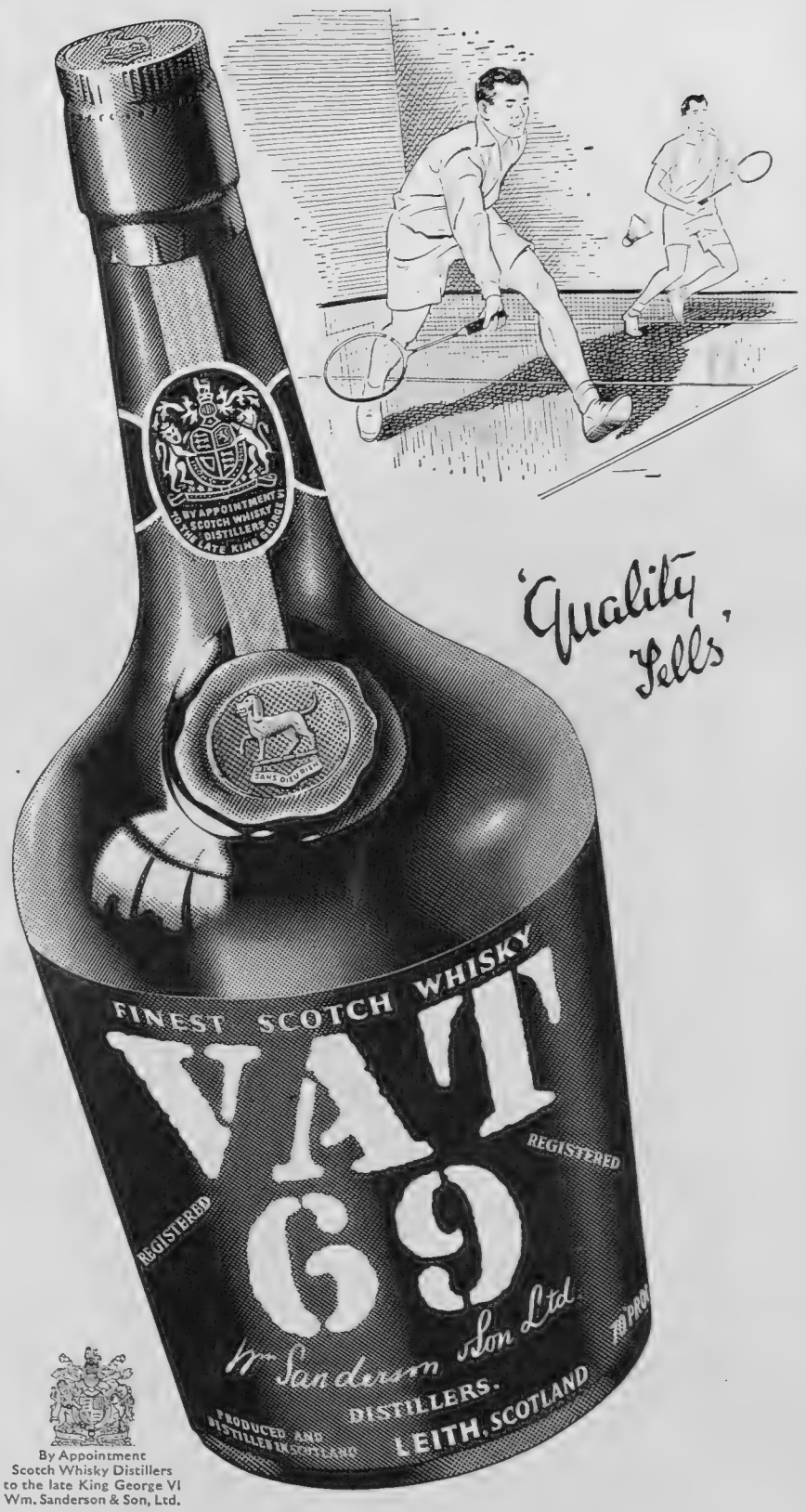

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE WONDERFUL YEAR OF KEATS' LIFE

Robert Gittings Provides a New Assessment of John Keats, Concentrating on the Twelve Months from September 1818 to September 1819

JOHN KEATS, Johnnie Keats; why is it that of all the poets of his era we have the most personal affection for him? Not for starry, brilliant Shelley, not for mercurial, worldly, witty Byron, not, later, for Coleridge or Wordsworth, but always for the young man that Keats was. There have been plenty of biographies and critical studies and assessments, but in his new work, JOHN KEATS—THE LIVING YEAR (Heinemann. 16s.), Mr. Robert Gittings attempts something quite new and attempts it with success. Himself a scholar and, more significantly, a poet, Mr. Gittings has chosen the *annus mirabilis* of Keats' life, "the most amazingly creative year that any English poet has achieved," when, from September 1818 to September 1819, marked at the opening of the year by "Hyperion" and at the close by "The Fall of Hyperion," he produced amongst other poems, "St. Agnes Eve," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the two great odes, "To a Nightingale" and "On a Grecian Urn," and "Lamia."

It was a miraculous year and Mr. Gittings helps us to see the physical background to the work, touching briefly on the small travels that had preceded the year, when Keats roamed about, staying in the Isle of Wight, Margate, Canterbury, Hastings, Oxford and Box Hill, and the events of the twelve vital months, during which he fell in love with Fanny Brawne (a more gradual affair than might have been supposed), read with his characteristic intensity, enjoyed "pleasure, philosophy and poetry," and worked. In his own words: "I live under an everlasting restraint—never relieved except when I am composing—so I will write away." And what he wrote then was to be a part of our great English heritage.

One result of Mr. Gittings' work of literary detection on this period, incidentally, is not only an untraditional treatment of the Fanny Brawne affair, but some new information about "beautiful Mrs. Jones," the figure who has always puzzled biographers, and who, if not completely in Keats' confidence, was yet in a position to be shown some of his most intimate letters, and to know of his feeling for Fanny Brawne. This at first was certainly no more than tepid, as we can learn from one of his own inimitable letters:

". . . . her Arms are good her hands badish—her feet tolerable—she is not seventeen—but she is ignorant—monstrous in her behaviour flying out in all directions, calling people such names—that I was forced lately to make use of the term *Minx*. . . ." It is scarcely the description of a passionate lover, but it *is* an echo of the young Keats, with his impulsiveness, the moodiness consequent on his own poor health and the health of his brother, the flashing sense of fun and the erratic spelling.

Between the man of action and the man of intellect, the poet and the soldier, there may yet be a bond, and that might lie in the use of the imagination. Temperament and upbringing and, in one case, divine gifts, will determine what kind of use this will be, and it would be impossible, even ludicrous, to analyse two such beings in the same terms. The poetic vision for one, and greatness. The military and national vision for the other, and fame. THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM (Cassell. 42s.) are of exceptional interest to anyone whose adult memory is of a twenty or a thirty years' span, or longer, but even for the young they could provide that inspiration which comes with the spectacle of a tiny country, well led, and fighting its highly independent battles, to the respect of the allied and the enemy world.

Several things about Mannerheim's personal story are quite extraordinary. For one thing, after dismissal from the rigidly disciplined Finnish Corps of Cadets, he served for no fewer than thirty years in the Imperial Russian Chevalier Guards, whose Colonel-in-Chief was the Empress herself, and left them only in the Revolution of 1917, when he recognised that his place was back in Finland, whose independence had just been declared. In 1918, and by a *coup d'état*, the "Red Guards" took over the seat of the Finnish Government and Mannerheim fought against them as commander of an undermanned and ill-equipped defence force, the Resistance of its time, which finally won its bitter battles.

It is not hard to see why from this time Finland always turned to Mannerheim as her defender, why he was made Regent in 1918, or why, from 1931 to 1938, he was able to fight with such tremendous vigour and often lonely initiative to prepare the country for the new struggle which he clearly could see ahead. Translated by Count Eric Lewenhaupt, this autobiography has more than an historical interest to my contemporaries; it has poignancy, too, and the memory of an extraordinary soldier.

A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER VISITS STOCKHOLM: William Faulkner (centre) seen with Eyvind Johnson, a Swedish author, and Else Jonsson, widow of Thorsten Jonssen, author and introducer of Faulkner's publications to the Swedish public, during his stay in Sweden. Faulkner is at present engaged in writing a book, with the "Unknown Soldier" as the central figure, and a film manuscript about the building of the first pyramid in Egypt.

FAR EASTERN AGENT—or The Diary of an Eastern Nobody (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.)—has all the freshness and vivacity of the travel diary and experiences of a man who relishes the unexpected and appreciates the foreign scene and character while keeping his own identity unaffected and unchanged. Mr. Donald Moore is the leading spirit in the Singapore Arts Theatre, as we are told by the Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald in his foreword, and he writes with considerable frankness about the people and the situations he has come across there, in Malaya in general, and in a four-months journeying between that country, Siam and Japan. Scrappy, anecdotal, provocative, but blessedly free from complacence.

To think of what William Shakespeare must have been as a child it would be necessary to clear your mind not only of cant but of every memory of his later glory. This, I suppose, is as difficult a trick as anyone could well perform, but Mr. Gerald Bullett, with all the imaginative force of a poet, comes very close to it with his new novel, THE ALDERMAN'S SON (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.). In this he pictures the baby William being taken under his mother's riding cloak to escape the plague at Stratford, and journeying to the Chilterns and his mother's relatives, then, as a child and an adolescent, back at Stratford, growing up as an intelligent and sensitive, but far from spectacular child, and, finally, as an adolescent and young man, just before his marriage, at eighteen, to Anne Hathaway. Since almost nothing has ever been known about Shakespeare's earliest years this is, in every sense, a work of fiction, but it is illuminated by that form of imagination which is none the less true for following a distinct line of theory.

Once in a way, and with enough interval between them to make them all the more welcome, Miss Betty Askwith will write a novel; slight, charming, intelligent and, in the present instance, rather reminiscent of an early Maurice Baring. THE BLOSSOMING TREE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), indeed, has much of that regretted writer's urbanity and natural ease of movement between scene and scene, especially when these include the Edwardian resorts. I found Miss Askwith's story of married loyalty *versus* mild passion extremely readable, and was—and am—grateful to her talents for having for some hours taken my mind off more humdrum considerations.

Mr. Henry Williamson's long new novel is a further volume in a projected trilogy about the life of an English middle-class family. This book, YOUNG PHILLIP MADISON (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), is a sincere if verbose account of childhood in one of the new London suburbs of Edwardian days, and it is worth your attention for two reasons: one, that Mr. Williamson writes about boys with almost as great a perception as Mr. Booth Tarkington in the past, and, two, that, being the naturalist he is, he cannot help making even the smallest passage of a country glimpse other than an enchantment.

Mr. Charles Wertenbaker, who for seventeen years was on the staff (or should it be staves?) of *Time, Life* and *Fortune*, has written an ambitious and, not unnaturally, all-American novel about contemporary New York life, with the background of work on a well-known weekly magazine and a theme of the vicissitudes of liberal thought in the United States since the '30's to our own age, or, rather, their own age of McCarthyism. THE DEATH OF KINGS (Gollancz. 15s.) is fascinating stuff, though, perhaps, not always in the way the author intended.

ARRANGED FOR SMALL ORCHESTRA (Dakers. 10s. 6d.) is a love-story without great originality which owes any of its distinction to the authenticity of its Alpine hotel background. This drawing of a ski-ing season gives Miss Eunice Buckley's romantic story its value, and that sense of hearing a familiar but well-liked air.

BOOKS ON CRICKET, BALLET AND CARD GAMES

Last summer A. L. Hassett captained the twenty-first official Australian team to visit England for the cricket season. In **THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND** (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s) *Roy Webber provides a record of the twenty-one tours made between 1878 and 1953, and gives a complete review of the matches. There are also two other books dealing with last year's cricket season. They are* **THE FIGHT FOR THE ASHES, 1953** (Harrap. 15s.) *by Peter West, with statistical analysis by Roy Webber and with forewords by the two respective captains, Lindsay Hassett and Len Hutton; and* **EYES ON THE ASHES** (William Kimber. 12s. 6d.) *by Sidney Barnes. All three books are well illustrated.*

Two books for ballet enthusiasts are **A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN BALLET, from Its Origins to the Present Day** (Hutchinson. 21s.) *by Serge Lifar and translated by Arnold Haskell; and* **PREPARATION FOR BALLET** (Duckworth. 15s.), *by N. Nicolaeva-Legat, Principal of the Legat Ballet School, which includes chapters on "Ballet and Yoga." Both books are illustrated.*

CARD GAMES (Witherby. 12s. 6d.) *is the second volume of Hubert Phillips's three-volume* Compendium of Indoor Games. *Derived from* The Complete Book of Card Games, *published in 1939, the book gives instructions on how to play every card game known in this country, and introduces the reader to some new ones.*

The STATE of NEW YORK

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In the days when Boss Tweed and his ring lorded it over New York, and the city's shoddy new pavements curled up in the heat of the midsummer sun because most of the money that should have been spent upon them had been diverted into the pockets of the ring, civic corruption was a new and terrible manifestation upon the North American Continent. Now it is a fully-established way of life highly organised by a national crime syndicate whose Klondyke is the city of New York and whose haunts in that city are not the underground dives of tradition but the public places where apparently they mix on equal terms with all the citizens of modern Gotham, accepted here, there and almost everywhere, even while they milk the people mercilessly. Ed Reid, a Pulitzer Prizeman and a journalist who has probed deep into the seamy side of things, reveals in THE SHAME OF NEW YORK (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) the giant city held down by the shackles of corruption. He is not the first to do so; but he is convincing because he wastes no words upon the task, preferring to parade the hard facts as he has found them out. In one chapter he gives a complete chart of the higher echelons of the underworld, with the names of the leading operators of narcotic and other rackets on Lower East Side, Midtown and Upper Manhattan, Greenwich Village, the Bronx, Queens and Harlem, for all the world as if he was giving a list of district surveyors or borough engineers. He shows the men upon whom the mantle of the imprisoned Costello has fallen, the smooth operators who now seek to do legitimate business on the surface, and who send their sons to Harvard, Yale and West Point if they can. This is an astonishing book, not least in its revelation of wholesale police force graft, but in its revelation, too, of the corruption of regimes only recently past. This sombre array of evidence, presented without verbal flourishes of any kind, and all the more convincing because of it, is really intended as a rallying call to the people, but the author seems far from certain that that call will be answered.

"My name is Robb White. In January I married a girl named Rodie and we left Georgia at two in the morning, headed for the British Virgin Islands." This is how Mr. White begins his autobiographical story, OUR VIRGIN ISLAND (Victor Gollancz. 13s. 6d.). It is the tale of a modern Crusoe, and the pace with which it begins it continues to the end. Robb and Rodie, after an initial series of calamities when making a home in Sea Cow Bay, Tortola, find in due time a glorious stretch of sunlit shore at Marina Cay, an island beyond the Great Camanoe, and beyond their wildest dreams. There beneath the giant banyan tree they set up home, bathe in the limpid waters of the bay, sail round the islets and to and from the stores at Road Town, and even receive Robb's mother-in-law direct from civilisation. Much of the time on Marina Cay was spent in relentless toil; but for Rodie this was an important adventure, for she came of a family swaddled in dollars and encumbered by trust funds, which to her mind took the spice out of life; while to Robb it was a challenge, that he found himself able to meet. For us, the readers, it is a joyous piece of escapism, with the sun, the sea and the sky of the Antilles to lend enchantment between the hurricanes.

Because she was before all things a great artist and a warmhearted woman, George Eliot has a secure place among our major writers, and Robert Speaight has succeeded admirably in his portrayal of her in the latest addition to the English Novelists Series. GEORGE ELIOT (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) covers no new ground, but this brief volume may well stir readers in a new generation to a new interest in an author who created a truly immortal gallery of human beings, a living picture of Victorian domesticity.

When Charles Duff produced his *Handbook on Hanging* in 1928 it was recognised as a piece of clever and cold-blooded irony, and it has since gone through two new editions, both much enlarged. Now we have A NEW HANDBOOK ON HANGING (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.), and from the quaint title-page to the appendix (a ready reckoner for hangmen giving the drop required for clients of varying weight), all the vital statistics are there. A comparison is even made between the number of column inches devoted by varying newspapers to murder trials and hangings as compared with the death of a great man.

The late Father Thurston was famous as an historian and controversialist, and one problem that engaged his attention was that of the poltergeist. He planned a great work on the subject, but other tasks intervened, and now it has been left to J. H. Crehan to bring together all that Thurston wrote. The book is entitled GHOSTS AND POLTERGEISTS (Burns Oates. 16s.), and a concluding chapter shows very clearly that Father Thurston refused to believe that these manifestations were the mere product of hallucinations.

An admirable new handbook for ornithologists is A FIELD GUIDE TO BIRDS OF BRITAIN AND EUROPE (Collins. 25s.). For the first time all the birds of Europe are brought within the pages of a pocket guide. The book provides over 1,200 recognition pictures and there are 400 maps helping to show the path of migration.

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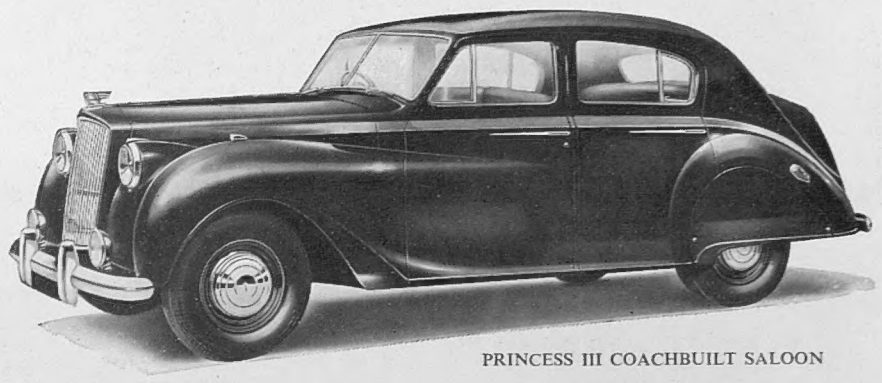

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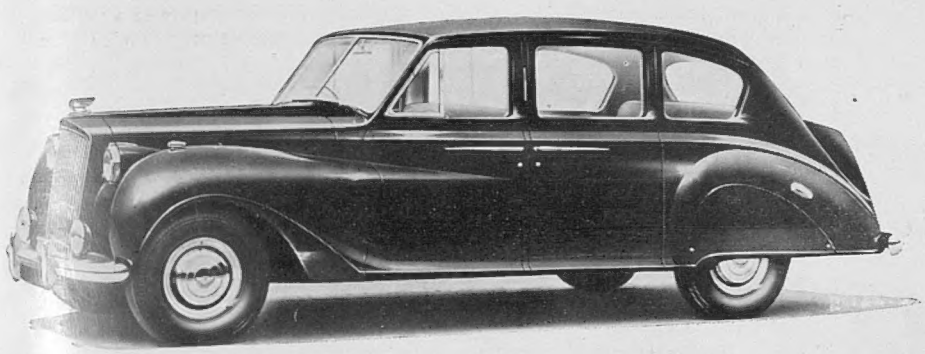

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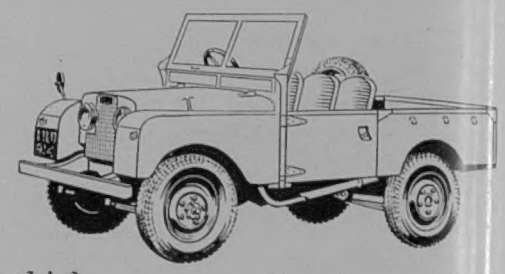

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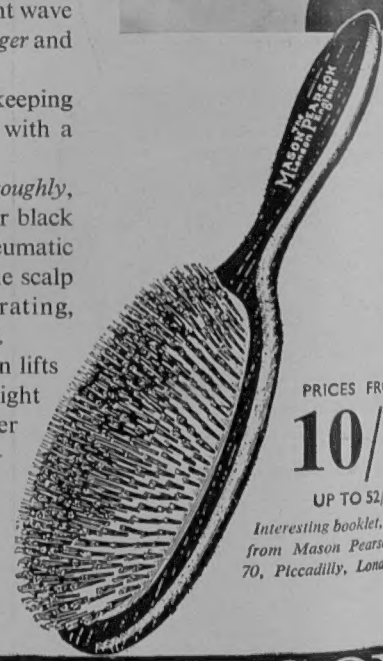

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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"SMOG" is a word you are not likely to find in your dictionary, nor will you meet it face to face except in industrial areas. But smog, smaze, fog, mist and fret are common foes in that they obliterate sunshine, and as such should be by-passed wherever they tend to lurk. Not so easy, you may say. Yet time and time again I have, on breasting the South Downs bound for the sunny Sussex coast, run out of fog into brilliant sunshine.

Bognor Regis (the Regis is a reminder that King George V spent his convalescence at Craigweil, close by) is doubly well off in having a first-class hotel in The Royal Norfolk, which is under the same direction as The Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. Its management and staff are always noticeably friendly and efficient and you will certainly fare well at this pedigree hotel. Bognor Regis has a goodly selection of hotels, catering for varied tastes and purses, and of the smaller ones I have singled out Black Mill House. For a number of years Mrs. G. W. Soothill has made parents with young children her speciality, but as there is no bar on grown-ups without children in school term-time, I know of several people who enjoy long winter week-ends at Black Mill House for the sake of its homely cooking and comfort.

I do not want to suggest that Bognor Regis has a monopoly of winter sunshine, for the whole of the Sussex coastline can claim a high record. This is evidenced by the number of people who winter in Hastings and St. Leonards, and the hundreds who speed to Eastbourne and Bexhill, Brighton and Worthing in search of the sun. Where to stay? I can only mention those hotels and guest houses of which I have had recent experience.

Hastings and St. Leonards. The Yelton Hotel—not the largest but the cosiest. Licensed and overlooking the sea, it will be found next door to the White Rock Pavilion. *Bexhill.* Of the larger hotels, I should choose The Granville, a Trust House, which of recent months has come very much to the fore. For a smaller establishment, try Bedford Lodge, a guest house in Cantelupe Road. A friend of mine recently went there for a week and stayed a month.

Eastbourne. Good hotels are conspicuous. On the front alone you will find The Grand, The Queen's, The Burlington and The Cavendish. I have most experience of the last, and I like its position, its suites with private bathrooms, that social rendezvous—its cocktail lounge—and the welcoming staff, who are as faithful to The Cavendish as are its visitors. For two more moderately-priced hotels I recommend The Chatsworth, which stands on an island site on the front, so that from most bedrooms one has a sea view, or at least can enjoy sea breezes, and The Imperial, just off the front, which has such a long-term residential clientele that it never wears an out-of-season look. Of the many small, unlicensed hotels my choice is Cuffnell's, in Burlington Place.

Brighton and Hove. Among the large hotels, you cannot go wrong if you decide on The Metropole, The Grand or The Old Ship, to name but three. Should you prefer Hove, you will not better The Dudley, in Lansdowne Place, or its smaller brother, Sackville Court Hotel, at the western end of Hove's front. *Worthing.* Warne's is the premier hotel. The Beach, from a more residential angle, has probably the largest clientele.

Perhaps the sunniest corner of Sussex is the Selsey Peninsula and the Witterings. Both these places should suit those who seek restful seclusion rather than shops and shows. In Selsey I suggest the Thatched House Hotel and the Double Barn Guest House, and, in East Wittering, The Old Barn. It was in this part of Sussex that I asked in a grocer's shop if they had had any "smog." The assistant, clearly not knowing what I was talking about and probably thinking it was a type of cheese, said: "I'm sorry, sir, but we are out of stock"!

To some the thought of a crisp February morning will suggest the Sussex countryside, and for a combination of country-cum-sea well-known people in many walks of life have discovered Moor Hall Hotel, Ninfield, five miles on the London side of Bexhill. Here, in that congenial country-house atmosphere which Eric and Marjorie Johnson have engendered, riding is one of the principal attractions. One of the few hotels to-day within easy week-end range of London with its own riding stables, one can, by arriving on Friday evening, get in a meet of the East Sussex on Saturday morning, work off any stiffness by dancing on Saturday evening, have a Sunday-morning hack, a siesta or a run out in the car on Sunday afternoon, and return to London refreshed and re-invigorated on the Monday morning.

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1954. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.